

411.

PIECES

OF

RHYME.

PROPH

SAINTS

PIECES

OF

R H Y M E.

BY

CAPTAIN MARJORIBANKS,

Of a Late Independent Company,

AUTHOR OF TRIFLES IN VERSE; SLAVERY, AN ESSAY
IN VERSE, &c. &c.

K

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СИДИЛСКИЙ ИЗДАВАТЕЛЬСТВО

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PIECES

PREFATORY ADVERTISEMENT.

THE great Indulgence with which the Public condescended to receive the Author's juvenile productions, as well as some fugitive Essays of a more récent date, emboldens him to appear before their tribunal once again—though, probably, for the last time. He is not, however, devoid of apprehensions, that the like kind allowances will be made no longer; yet he can by no means flatter himself that the following little volume is calculated to stand the test of more severe criticism. If free from the puerilities of his former ones, it will probably be found still less animated by the sanguine fancy, the warm imagination, the enthusiastic feelings, that are essential to the true spirit of Poetry—but which experience, and a more intimate knowledge of the world, have a far stronger tendency to repress than to improve. He fears, then, its principal claim to the Reader's patience, he will not presume to say approbation, must

must rest upon its brevity ; a *beauty* which, in an insipid performance, ought, in his humble opinion, to atone for a great part of its imperfections.

That he may avoid the charge of prolixity in his preface, as well as in his book, he shall only beg leave concisely to express his grateful sense of the honour conferred upon him by the very respectable subscribers to the present publication ; and to repeat his acknowledgments to the still more numerous Patrons of his **TRIFLES IN VERSE***.

EDINBURGH,
April 20th 1793. }

* In three Volumes ; the first two published in 1784 ; the third, chiefly written in Jamaica, with a second edition of the former, in 1785. That the Author has not given *this* also as a Volume of **TRIFLES**, is not from an opinion of its meriting a more respectable appellation ; but merely out of deference to the Reviewers, who seemed to disapprove of that title.

PIECES OF RHYME.

To MIRA.

LOVE has inspir'd the tender strain,
Where never verse was found before ;
In softest numbers they complain,
Who fondly languish and adore.

But, MIRA, dread the fancied flame,
That often fires the Poet's heart !
While painting love, he pants for fame ;
And feels a passion form'd by art.

Yet may not he who thus deceives,
Have form'd a purpose to betray ;
He, like the Maid, perhaps, believes
The love that lives but in his lay.

Imagination, quick and strong,
Falls to the sanguine Poet's share ;
His ardors, kindling with his song,
Delude himself, and cheat the Fair.

A

Verse,

Verse, as the vehicle of love,
 May sometimes tell a tale that's true ;
 Yet let not e'er those numbers move,
 That vainly meet the public view !

How soft soe'er that verse might flow*,
 No proof of tenderness it gave :
 You only taught my heart to know,
 True love is secret as the grave !

* Alluding to a copy of verses, published in a newspaper.

THE COMPLAINT

OF AN INJURED MULATTO LOVER.

WHERE the *AGUALTA wildly glides
 (A stream unknown to Poets' song ;
 Tho' sweets unnumber'd grace its sides,
 And gay the meads it winds among) ;

Within the solitary dell,
 Where ample *Cocoas* fence me round,
 In blameless innocence I dwell ;
 With blissful competency crown'd.

* A small, but romantic river in Jamaica.

The Lime and *Orange* scent my grove,
 The *Plantain* shades my still retreat ;
 The *Grenadilla*, when I rove,
 Or *Shaddock* cools the sultry heat.

The *Avocado* gives its aid,
 The *Cerab* lends new life to love ;
 And in my arbour's silent shade
 Its keenest joys I wont to prove.

I liv'd content ; nor blam'd my fate,
 That gave me not a fairer hue ;
 Since freedom's comforts on me wait,—
 Such as our kind but seldom knew !

Let *EUROPE*'s highly favour'd race
 Enjoy the lily and the rose !—
 To me my *JULIA*'s sable face
 Does charms as exquisite disclose.

Altho' she boasts no ruddy grace,
 As sweet to me her ardent kiss ;
 As dear her rapturous embrace ;
 As fond, as fierce the melting bliss.

Blest in her love, I ask'd no more ;
 Nor wish nor care disturb'd my soul.
Then never gun was heard to roar ;
 Nor noisy drum was known to roll !

Oh happy days ! dear days of joy !
 Ere the rude red-coat host drew near !
 No jealous pangs could then annoy ;
 No fickle fancy seiz'd my dear !

Yet the destroyer of my peace
 Approach'd with mild and gentle air.
 His words bade apprehension cease ;
 Tho' all was false, yet all seem'd fair.

While, at my hospitable board,
 We freely quaff'd the friendly bowl ;
 All in the stranger I explor'd
 Was sensibility of soul.

Oft he'd relate, in softest strains,
 And with a tear, the tale of woe ;
 He'd sing of love's delights and pains,—
 And from the heart they seem'd to flow.

Of godlike charity he sung ;
 Of generosity and truth ;
 Soft pity seem'd to guide his tongue ;
 And all the openness of youth.

He fondly prais'd his native mead,
 And sigh'd that he must wander here ;
 He sung the *fair* of THAMES and TWEED—
 Yet envied me my *sable* dear.

He feign'd a fond and faithful flame,
 Where-e'er he rov'd, where-e'er he fail'd.
 Yet was my love the traitor's aim—
 He saw, he sought her,—and prevail'd.

Curse on the pale, but pleasing dye ;
 The blush that feigns a shame unfelt !
 The lying lips, and treach'rous eye ;
 That teach the tender heart to melt !

If his deceitful heart can know
 The pangs of ill-requited love ;
 Be it his fate to feel the woe,
 He makes a faithful lover prove !

O may he doat ! most madly doat
 On some bewitching BRITISH fair !
 And let his life, his soul, his thought,
 His ev'ry wish be centred there !

Let him believe himself belov'd,
 As never lover was before !
 And let her passion seem approv'd
 By proofs in thousands o'er and o'er !

While fraught with confidence and joy,
 Be her deceit at once display'd !
 And some detested rival cloy
 On all the beauties of the maid !

In their most luscious guilty hour,
 Let him their hated transports see !
 Let him, Oh vengeance ! own thy pow'r—
 And, in his anguish, think on me !

ON
 THE EXECUTION OF A NEGRO ;
 WHO WAS BURNED AT A SLOW FIRE, NEAR SPANISHTOWN,
 IN AUGUST 1785.

WHEN BRUTUS struck the fatal steel
 Thro' the imperial CÆSAR's breast ;
 The glorious deed, the patriot's zeal,
 Stood thro' the subject world confess'd !
 Nor yet has time destroy'd the name,
 Impartial ages love to praise ;
 In story brightly shines his fame,
 Immortal as the poet's lays.
 Yet BRUTUS stabb'd a gen'rous heart,
 In whose affections fast he grew ;
 To whom he ow'd a filial part—
 It was a parent BRUTUS slew.
 He never felt the galling chain,
 The lash that lacerates the slave ;
 But favours (all conferr'd in vain !)
 Were the sole fetters CÆSAR gave.

But see ! poor AZUBAL in tortures dies !
 At which my soul in agonies recoils !
 See how he writhes ! ah hear his horrid cries !
 While with slow cruelty the furnace broils !
 Say, what was AZUBAL's atrocious crime,
 Compar'd to BRUTUS' celebrated deed ?
 (Candour regards no colour, and no clime ;
 And freedom smiles as oft as tyrants bleed !)

No friendly bosom did he wound ;
 No acts of kindness had he known ;
 Compell'd to till a foreign ground—
 For ever exil'd from his own !
 Still agonising mem'ry drew
 The sweets that bless'd his AFRIC's shore ;
 The day's of flumb'ring ease he knew ;
 The friends he must behold no more !
 Indignant still recalls the day
 That BRITISH ruffians first drew near ;
 When, vainly struggling, forc'd away
 From all that ever could be dear !
 Beneath reluctant labour faint,
 Say what reward awaits his pains ?
 The whip's the solace of his plaint ;
 And rest is granted but in chains !

Ideal loss of liberty inspir'd
 The haughty ROMAN to destroy his friend ;
 But keener injuries the NEGRO fir'd
 Nay, life itself he fought but to defend.
 BRUTUS still seems a patricide to me,
 And reason gives reluctantly applause ;
 But to poor AZUBAL* my praise is free,
 Who boldly perish'd in a juster cause !

* The unfortunate negro, to whom I have given the name of Azubal, had killed a white man, who attempted to carry him back to the estate from which he had run away.

The above Stanzas were printed at the end of Slavery, an essay in verse (by the same author,) published at Edinburgh in March 1792.

ON
THE DESTRUCTIVE HURRICANE,
WHICH HAPPENED ON THE 27th AUGUST, 1785.

Ye burden'd slaves, ye sons of AFRIC, smile !
 See vengeance bursting on this blood-bath'd isle !
 Let every element in fury rise,
 And blend together earth, sea, air, and skies ;—
 Tho' nature perish,—what have you to fear ?—
 You cannot find a fate that's more severe !

But see the tyrant, trembling as he lies ;
 Dread in his heart, and horror in his eyes !
 His fault'ring lips attempt in vain to speak ;
 And still more ghastly seems the pallid cheek !
 O'er the wild wastes his hopeful harvests fly ;
 And in rude ruin his proud buildings lie !
 Beneath these ruins half his race lie dead ;
 And fierce destruction howls around his head !
 Canst thou, oh CHRISTIAN SAVAGE ! canst thou know
 A parent's fondness, or a parent's woe ?
 You from the breast the tender infant tore ;
 And bade the mother work,—and weep no more !
 You from the father dragg'd the struggling boy,
 In distant lands to know no future joy !
 You forc'd the labour of the foreign slave ;—
 And whips and fettters were the wage you gave !
 Go now thy lost or mangled offspring mourn !
 Go weep, unpitied !—'tis at last thy turn !
 If death yet spare the wretch he ought to take ;
 Go pine in poverty ; in sorrows ache !

While

While round you cast a melancholy view,
 Where the last fragments of your fortunes flew.
 Let mem'ry tell your former views of gain,
 And sickness, exile, conscience dar'd in vain !
 Go count the pangs you gave ; the blood you spilt ;
 And the lost labours of a life of guilt !
 But let no eye bestow one pitying tear !
 The softest heart for thee no sigh should spare !
 Yet not unmov'd shall virtue view thy woes !
 She looks with pleasure on her suff'ring foes.
 Yes ! base barbarian ! virtue calls it just
 To find the despot humbled in the dust !
 Then dare not, wretch, in anguish to complain ;
 Who once had pleasure in inflicting pain !
 I can contemplate, with a gen'rous joy,
 Torrents lay waste, and hurricanes destroy ;
 And see that vengeance in the winds of Heaven,
 The NEGRO's dagger had less amply given !*

Jamaica, Sept. 22d. 1785.

B

WRITTEN

* I cannot be accused of exulting over a calamity from which I was myself exempt. I had at least my share of the personal dangers and distresses attending it ; the barracks where I was then quartered, having been, on that tremendous night, totally destroyed.

The degree of *point* necessary to be preserved in poetical composition, often prevents proper discriminations being made. I therefore request that, whenever I speak in severe terms of any body of men I may be understood with numerous exceptions. I certainly know very worthy individuals among the planters of Jamaica. I take this occasion of acknowledging, with gratitude, and with pleasure, that in this island I have personally met with some acts of kindness, and many of civility.

WRITTEN AT PORT ROYAL.

October 27. 1735.

WHAT are those powers we GENIUS vainly call ?
 Whence do they rise ? or whereby do they fall ?
 Say, in the wisest can we always find
 Greatness of soul, and energy of mind ?
 In the most worthy do we never prove
 A faithless friendship, or deceitful love ?
 Alas ! whate'er the pride of sages say,
 Man's a machine as changeful as his clay :
 Feelings are lost in custom, and in clime :
 And fond attachments wear away through time.
 As the winds veer, or as the vapours rise ;
 As the sun shines, or clouds o'erspread the skies ;
 As the frost nips, or vernal breezes play ;
 As the night glooms, or smiles the radiant day ;
 Whate'er affects the humble human frame,
 Our boasted reason suffers from the same.
 From temp'rate climes, go scorch on INDIAN shore ;
 And no Thermometer shall vary more.
 Just as that mounts, the active spirits fail ;
 And vapours, langour, listlessness prevail ;
 In burning heats your mirth dissolves away.
 And sadness seizes on the brisk and gay.
 In the deep valley melancholy lies ;
 Ascend the mountain, and your spirits rise.
 O'er the wild heath stalk horror and dismay ;
 Light pretty fancies with the streamlet stray.
 Confusion reigns where-ever oceans roar ;
 And pleasure meets us when we reach the shore.

Regretting

Regreting groves, that flourish all the year ;
 We pine 'midst sands and sultry sunshine *here*.[†]
 As the blood creeps, or as it freely flows ;
 So dullness darkens, or so genius glows.
 The nerves, unbrac'd, depress the haughty soul ;
 And bile and humours can the wit controul.
 Behold the genius, with unclouded brain,
 To whom the deepest sciences are plain ;
 In morning Head-aches (overt night dead drunk,
 Tir'd at a ball, or jaded with a punk) ;
 You'll find him just as heavy and as dull
 As c'er a booby with the thickest scull.
 Make, then, of human nature what you will ;
MAN is the abject slave of **MATTER** still.
 Then wise is he, who regulates with care
 His mod'rate pleasures, and his temp'rate fare !
 And happy he, whom no severe command
 Can ever exile from his native land !
 Who treads the fertile fields on which he grew,
 And breathes the only air he ever knew ;
 Nor counteracting careful nature's aim,
 Enjoys a clime congenial to his frame !
 No shatter'd nerves, no sickly stomach, *there*,
 Engender vapours, anguish and despair !
 Oh ! shall I ever see **BRITANNIA**'s shore ;
 And taste content, and heartfelt pleasure more !

[†] Port Royal is situated on the extremity of a long neck of burning barren sand, a striking contrast to the everlasting verdure and luxuriant vegetation, which embellish most parts of Jamaica.

ON

AN UNFORTUNATE WHITE GIRL

OF PORT-ROYAL.

No nymph than BETSEY once more fair ;
 Or e'er was nurs'd with tend'r care.
 A more respectful, flatt'ring crowd
 To youthful beauty never bow'd !

But where is now the sparkling train,
 That simil'd in blooming BETSEY's reign ?
 The pallid wretch, oh maids, behold.—
 Nor trust the fondest tale that's told !

To man's deceit an early prey,
 Her charms with virtue wore away !
 Disease, despair, and want pursue—
 And BETSEY is that hag you view !

From sultry suns no shade she finds ;
 No shelter from the noisome winds ;
 No med'cine yields her pangs relief ;
 No pitying friend consoles her grief !

Ye gaudy, glitt'ring things, that play
 In vice's bright meridian ray !
 But short the day of dear delight ;
 Ere you, like BETSEY, sink in night !

A

A COMPARISON

BETWEEN MY OWN SITUATION AND THAT OF A
PLANTER.

Jamaica, 1786.

To all the fervour of the vertic ray
The toilful PLANTER stands expos'd by day ;
'Midst noisome steams from crackling stills that rise,
Or deadly damps, by night he restless lies.
He wades thro' seasons of incessant rain ;
And scorches under cloudless skies again.
With patient footsteps climbs the rugged path,
Where the loose precipice may crush to death.]
Ascends the mountain's long and lofty way,
Where light'nings fiercely and for ever play ;
From rock to rock where thunders rude rebound,
And howling winds thro' gloomy woods resound.
Or close sequester'd in the sickly vale,
By hills secluded from the bracing gale ;
The sweets of vigour, and of health resigns,
In fevers rages, or in agues pines.

Thus struggling on, a long laborious while ;
Distress of mind succeeds corporeal toil.
When once a trifling capital's acquir'd,
With all the rage of purchase he is fir'd ;
Deep speculations now employ his thought,
And all is risqu'd his years of labour bought.
Around him debts and difficulties throng ;
The stake is fortune ; and the conflict's long.
He bids integrity a long adieu ;
Chicaneries, tricks, and stratagems ensue.

He

He pushes forward to the wish'd for goal,
 With all his mind, his body, and his soul.
 His heart, not over merciful before,
 Can never feel one soft emotion more :
 On burdened slaves, who no allurements know ;
 The scourge and torture industry bestow.
 Mad with the passion of acquiring pelf ;
 He spares not *those*, who will not spare *himself*,
 Much he inflicts, and much he must endure ;
 Lur'd by a prize not ultimately sure.
 The chance is equal, to succeed or fail ;
 To rear a palace, or to rot in jail,
 In exile thus he wears his life away ;
 To ills of climate, and to cares a prey.
 Yet thus estrang'd from happiness and health ;
 He's still supported by the hopes of wealth.
 Still sanguine fancy draws the happy time,
 He and his treasures reach his native clime ;
 When pleasure, pomp, and luxury repay
 The toils and torments of the present day.

But no such prospects on the SOLDIER smile,
 By duty banish'd to this sultry isle :
 In mere existence, languidly we live
 Those years of joy that youth is bound to give ;
 Those years which nature gilds with gayest charms,
 When love invites us to kind beauty's arms ;
 When rapture rises in the glowing kiss,
 And passion terminates in perfect bliss.
 For us no blooming maids their roses wear ;
 No bosom rises exquisitely fair—

But

But savage females here, alone, we view,—
 Sad slaves, of sable, or of fallow hue ;*
 Their hearts to love and all its raptures cold,
 To them no tales of tenderness are told.
 These are the moments that should slip away,
 Sweet, social, happy, volatile and gay—
 But here so dull, so listlessly they creep ;
 In the most lively we are half asleep.
 A scorching clime unnerves the active frame,
 Degrades the soul, and damps each gen'rous flame,
 In torpid indolence the body lies ;
 No bright ideas in the mind arise.
 No soft sensations now affect the soul ;
 But irksome vapour, in confusion roll.
 No aim, no object, no pursuit of gain ;
 No hobby-horse have we to entertain.
 No theme to please, inspiring passion flown ;
 The poet, too, from PEGASUS is thrown.

The prime of life thus wasted, not employed ;
 And constitution broken, or destroyed ;
 We may revisit dear BRITANNIA's shore,
 When youth and pleasure can be ours no more.
 Chang'd in all else, in this alone the same—
 We'll go *no richer* than from home we came.

But if no hopes, no promises allure ;
 From doubts and cares we're equally secure.
 By joys unblest,—by sorrows too uncurs'd ;
 The *dullest* life, perhaps, is not the *worst*.
 A close alliance pain and pleasure keep ;
 Who smiles the gayest, is most apt to weep.

No

* Few others are to be seen in mountainous situations, at least, such as I was in at that time.

No youth was once more volatile than I ;
 Yet none more often found a cause to sigh.
 My mirth has all evapourated *here* ;
 But disappointment yields no more a tear.

Altho' no wealth should e'er be destin'd mine ;
 Nay, were I doom'd in poverty to pine ;
 Still with contempt I'd inwardly behold
 The venal tribe, whose guilt had purchas'd gold.
 Content that fortune may be still denied,
 If by the pangs of innocence supplied.
 For me be never struggling victim tore
 From friends, from freedom, and his native shore !
 Give me no fields where fruits luxuriant wave,
 Whose culture ever curs'd a single slave !
 To me how bitter were the sweetest food,
 Whose seed was nourish'd by one wretch's blood ?
 To me no beauties e'er could grace the soil,
 That ow'd its tillage to reluctant toil !
 Nor flatt'ry's voice, nor music's notes I'd hear ;
 Still whips would wound, and shrieks would pierce
 mine ear !
 And, tho' I own'd whate'er was rich or rare ;
 I'd dream of chains, of exile, and despair ?
 Then take, ye tyrants, all that gold can grant :—
 Be mine the heart-felt re-clitude you want ?

WRITTEN ON A VOLUME OF
SHENSTONE.

HAIL, happy bard ! whose peaceful hours
In sweet retirement pass'd !
Who, shelter'd in thy native bow'rs,
Ne'er felt one angry blast !

No sudden call, no harsh command,
Disturb'd thy life of ease ;
To drag thee to some distant land,
O'er wide tempestuous seas.

No woes had'st ever thou to wail
On any foreign shore ;
But trode the fair and flow'ry vale,
Thy fathers trode before.

For thee the vernal roses sprung ;
The fruits of Autumn grew ;
The lark and linnet sweetly sung ;
The zephyrs softly blew.

The happy peasants all around
Pursu'd their pleasing toil ;
Who dug no foreign master's ground,
But till'd their parent soil.

There slavery's voice was never heard
In anguish to complain—
No lash to goad,—the freeman's spurr'd
By cheerful hopes of gain.

Beside the little lucid stream,
You sung some rural maid.

Nor did one sickly sultry beam
E'er search thy summer shade

If e'er in absence doom'd to mourn ;
How short the parting way !
No furious oceans barr'd return ;
No duty claim'd thy stay !

And tho' (so tasteless was the fair !)
Thy DELIA was unkind ;
Yet BRITAIN, where no beauty's rare,
Had DELIAS more behind.

How gently slipt thy life away !
Like streams without a wave—
In calm and undisturb'd decay,
You found a humble grave !

'Tho' no vain marble rear its head,
To boast a name so fair ;
Yet ev'ry fav'rite flow'r shall shed
Its sweetest fragrance there.

The gentle zephyr, as it blows,
Shall spread its odours round.
The limpid water, as it flows,
Shall kiss the sacred ground.

The weeping villagers shall there
Their heart-felt homage pay ;
And tell, by ev'ry honest tear,
What pomp could never say.

There

There shall the faithful Philomel
 These vespers nightly tune :
 " Alas ! that he, who sung so well,
 " Should cease to sing so soon !

To ——.

MEAN is the soul, and abject is the pride,
 That seeks the hour of sorrow to deride !
 And vents the malice, which ~~the~~ veil'd before,
 On the crush'd spirit, and the heart that's sore !
 Whether he wound you by a cold neglect,
 Insulting pity, or by strain'd respect ;
 Superiority, till then unknown,
 May be by each emphatically shewn.
 As conscious worth ne'er bless'd his sordid mind ;
 He knows no merit—but where fortune's kind.
 Tho' fools despise, and adverse fate oppres,
 The steady soul still feels its worth no less ;
 He views misfortune with disdainful eye ;
 And sees, unmov'd, contemptuous crowds go by ;
 Spurns the false friendship from his heart away,
 That only flourish'd in his prosp'rous day ;
 Looks down on folly proud of pomp or pelf,
 And finds a richer treasure in himself.
 Should e'er the yet unlook'd for fate be mine,
 In favour of the fickle nymph to shine ;

If, at her beck, obsequious minions came,
 To feed with fulsome flattery or fame ;
 With like contempt their praise were heard by me,
 Their former petulance was wont to be.
 I'd still remember, spite of all their art,
 The time they spoke the language of the heart :
 In borrow'd garbs your parasites appear ;
 But they who slight you surely are sincere !

ON AMOROUS POETRY.

THE poet at the moment fir'd,
 By then lov'd themes to rhyme ;
 Seems by the muse's pow'r inspir'd,
 Or tender or sublime.

Does martial glory then delight,
 And mighty pomp of arms ;
 Then shines the warlike genius bright
 To paint Bellona's charms.

Or does the am'rous passion glow
 Within the youthful heart,
 Then softly seems the verse to flow,
 Beyond the pow'r of art.

In subjects worthy of esteem,
 Their charms may never cease ;

In

In martial minds, the warlike theme
 May please the hours of peace.

But not the most insipid strain
 E'er tasteless rhimester made,
 Seems like the love-sick sonnet vain—
 When once that love's decay'd.

ON
 THE DEATH OF SAPHIRA.

'Tis not that many a furious wave
 Divides me from SAPHIRA's grave ;
 'Tis not that since our parting day
 Full many a moon has roll'd away ;
 My weeping muse neglects to pay
 SAPHIRA's shade one mournful lay ;
 Had in my arms the Saint expir'd ;
 No muse's skill had been requir'd ;
 The grief that tears the tender heart,
 Disdains the slightest aid of art—
 The heart-heav'd sigh, the silent tear,
 Alone had grac'd SAPHIRA's bier.

Jamaica 1786.

To

To LUCINDA.

IN vain, LUCINDA, do those eyes
 Emit the brightest ray ;
 Those lovely smiles I can despise,
 Where all the graces play.

Tho' from your captivating tongue
 The softest accents flow ;
 Tho' fair, and elegant, and young ;
 To me no charms you show.

Dull seems to me the sparkling eye,
 Where pity finds no tear ;
 The lips that never waft a sigh,
 For me no beauties wear.

'Tis not the dimpling of a cheek
 My easy heart can win ;
 The first attraction e'er I seek,
 Is tenderness within.

Benevolence, ethereal flame !
 Gives lustre to the whole ;
 And faulty seems the fairest frame,
 That wants the melting soul.

SOLITARY MEDITATION,

WITH A SEGAR IN MY CHEEK.

Ah ! spare one night from revelry and noise,
 To recollection's melancholy voice !
 Recall the sweets of friendships, now no more ;
 And joys once tasted on BRITANNIA's shore !
 Renew the scenes, where ev'ry hour was gay,
 Of youthful pastime, and of infant play !
 Give back those dreams, that love I wont to call—
 Of human follies the most sweet of all !
 Think on the smiling nymphs who once had charms ;
 And count the evils ambush'd in their arms !
 Recal the chaster bliss SAPHIRA gave—
 And wish to wander by SAPHIRA's grave !
 Give back the gladsome meads, the soothing streams,
 The peaceful groves, that nure'd my pleasing dreams !
 Oh ! give me back the care-unclouded day,
 When Hope and Fancy held a boundless sway !
 Alas ! those transitory joys are past,
 And lost for ever—like this fumy blast !
 The fleeting vapour, which this tube conveys,
 Is the just emblem of our happy days !
 Come then, dear soother of a lonely hour,
 Exert thy little elevating pow'r !
 Nor at its brevity will I repine—
 The fiercest ecstasy's more short than thine !

Nor

Nor leaves it more felicity behind,
 Than this last puff that wantons in the wind !
 Farewell ye fumes, that hence for ever fly !
 And oh ! like you, farewell each youthful joy !

TO
 THE BIRDS
 IN THE WOODS OF LIGUANEAS.

Ah say, ye happy Feather'd Race,
 Who haunt these verdant groves ;
 Whom partial nature meant to grace
 The realms that PHOEBUS loves ;

Why, amidst such a waste of sweets,
 Thus silent are your throats ?
 Or why the wand'rer's ear but meets
 Such unmelodious notes ?

The sweetest warblers here should sing
 'The most harmonious lays ;
 And chaunt, 'midst everlasting spring,
 Eternal songs of praise.

Had you, like BRITAIN's vocal tribe,
 E'er felt grim Winter's reign ;
 When vernal sweets you first imbibe,
 How tuneful were your strain.

Thus,

Thus, Fortune's sons, who never knew
 The frowns of adverse Fate ;
 To ev'ry bliss are blind, like you,
 That waits their prosp'rous state—

While they who long have felt the stings
 Of penury, or care ;
 Whatever bounty Fortune brings,
 Behold most good and fair !

CONCLUSION TO
 A MANUSCRIPT BOOK
 OF VERSES..

Jamaica 1736.

DEAR little book, in which I've wrote
 Full many an idle song !
 In whose society I thought
 No lonely minute long.

In solitude my constant friend,
 My confidant in threngs ;
 Who gave my sorrows to the wind ;
 And still redress'd my wrongs.

For

D.

For ever ready to receive
 My melancholy tale ;
 Tho' not another friend should grieve,
 My woes wouldst thou bewail.

Or when my hot and youthful blood
 Would choose the wanton lay ;
 Thou, too, wou'dst take the mirthful mood,
 And frolic wild and gay.

In short, whatever shape I wore ;
 Whatever hue I took ;
 (Altho' I chang'd them o'er and o'er)
 So chang'd my little book.

Beneath a parent's kindly roof
 Our intercourse began ;
 But since (oh friend 'gainst Fortune proof !)
 Through various scenes we ran.

But, ah dear soother of my woes !
 On this far foreign shore
 Now must our correspondence close—
 Thou canst contain no more.

Yet, tho' I can no longer tell
 The secrets of my breast ;
 On those I'll often fondly dwell,
 Of which thou art posses'd.

The scenes, that can return no more,
 With thee I'll oft review ;
 And, often as I read them o'er,
 Bid them and thee adieu !

TO THE MEMORY OF
SAPHIRA.

Jamaica 1786.

Tho' far remov'd as pole from pole
We sorrow for the kindred soul ;
Between tho' earths and oceans lay,
And doom'd in absence long to stray ;

We fondly hope, if life remain,
In some bles'd hour to meet again ;
And oft does fancy number o'er
The sweets of friendship yet in store.

But when the hours of hope are past,
And the lov'd heart has breath'd its last ;
What piteous tales sad mem'ry tells,
O'er which with gloomy joy he dwells !

He hears the voice that death has seal'd,
And weeps the woes for ever heal'd ;
The hours of pleasure haunt the mind,
Endearing words, and actions kind.

With hopeless sorrow, I review
The long—alas ! the *last* adieu !
Again I press the throbbing breast,
Now lull'd in everlasting Rest !

Again

Again does speechless anguish wave
 The hand that moulders in the grave!
 Again the streaming eye appears,
 That in the tomb has dried its tears;

Again invokes my longer stay,
 Again pursues my parting way;
 Again, reluctant, yields me o'er;
 And seems to say, "We meet no more!"

Tho' in far foreign climes I roam,
 Yet Fate may send a wand'rer home;
 I may behold the BRITISH shore—
 But ne'er shall see SAPHIRA more!

ON FANCY.

Jamaica 1786.

How charming, FANCY, is thy reign
 (Which I shall never feel again)
 Quick round the brain ideas roll,
 And transports seize the kindling soul.
 Delightful prospects gaily rise
 Before the youthful Poet's eyes;

Over

O'er fairer fields a path bestow'd,
 Than ever swain before had trod ;
 More sweetly smells the budding rose,
 And ev'ry flow'r more fragrant blows ;
 The groves a richer foliage wear ;
 The passing streamlet runs more clear !
 And ev'ry bird that bends its wing,
 For him more tuneful seems to sing.
 Rejoic'd he views the matin skies,
 And ne'er did Sol so radiant rise ;
 To him more splendid shines the day ;
 More lambent sets the parting ray ;
 To him more soft the still of night ;
 The moon and ev'ry star more bright ;
 Where-e'er he comes a milder grace
 Illumines nature's smiling face.

Too narrow still is nature's bound
 To limit his fantastic round ;
 He flies to realms the never knew,
 Which flatt'ring fancy only drew.
 He roves thro' worlds of perfect joy,
 Where cares and sorrows ne'er annoy ;
 Ideal beings dance around,
 And strew with flow'rs the fairy ground.
 He finds his fair, his matchless maid,
 On beds of roses fondly laid ;
 She half avoïds his eager sight,—
 Yet, blushing, yields to love his right.
 In her fair arms he finds a heaven—
 So bless'd to mortal ne'er was given !

He, favour'd youth ! *the first*, enjoys
 A love that neither cools, nor cloys !
 Now tribes of friends around him throng ;
 Approve his flame ; applaud his song —
 Friends whom no chance can ever change ;
 Nor time and absence e'er estrange !
 Friends whom, however far apart,
 He'll foster in his faithful heart.
 Friendship and love shall ever burn ;
 And, if he roam, unchang'd return.

Ye dreams, so charming ! so untrue !
 Ah why did reason banish you ?
 Experience, why for ever prove
 Fruition cures the fiercest love ?
 The passion, most refin'd and pure,
 Is not in absence more secure.
 And, sever'd under distant skies,
 In time the fastest friendship dies.
 Ah ! why destroy the dear deceits,
 That painted life a round of sweets !
 Oh happy days ! when beauty's smile
 Could so bewitchingly beguile !
 When flatt'ring lips I could believe ;
 And feign'd affection well deceive !
 When on the fair dissembler's breast
 I lull'd my happy head to rest ;
 I deem'd her fond, when only kind ;
 And was as blest as I was blind !
 Ah ! why destroy my fancied bliss ;
 And shew me nature *as it is* ?
 That friendship's an uncertain joy ;
 And love the phrensy of a boy ?

Oh

Oh FANCY ! friendless stranger here !
 I must no more thy bondage bear !
 Yet now no more a slave to thee,
 I curse the time that set me free !

To MISS —————.

Jamaica.

FAIR was the cheek that caught my eye ;
 Sweet was the smile that charm'd my soul ;
 Soft seem'd to rise the tender sigh ;
 And goodness to inspire the whole.
 Yet can that cheek with fury glow ;
 And all deceitful are those smiles ;
 Your heart ne'er felt another's woe ;
 Nor wish'd to ease his pains, or toils.
 Those lips, which nature but design'd
 To breathe the most celestial sounds ;
 The harshest epithets can find—
 And doom the slave to whips and wounds.
 While wretches your fierce anger prove,
 And in your fight in tortures lie ;
 Those eyes, that should but beam with love,
 Can sparkle with revengeful joy.

Let

Let others file you heavily fair,
 And all your matchless charms extol;
 Spite of the lovely form you wear,
 I only term you TRUE CREOLE.

A FAREWELL TO

POETRY.

Jamaica, 1786.

Sleep with the sloth endemic to the clime,
 Lose the relish I had once for rhyme:
 No more delight the mirthful vein bestows;
 In plaintive strains my verse no longer flows:
 The flatt'ring tales, that vanity had told,
 Have lost the credit they obtain'd of old.
 Yet with a sigh, which reason might refuse,
 I quit PARNASSUS, and forsake the muse!
 Farewell, oh POETRY! thou charming cheat!
 Sweet are thine errors! pleasing thy deceit!
 Thro' the gay realms of fairy land we rove,
 In fancied raptures and fictitious love.
 Soft are the smiles the nymphs of fable wear;
 Bright are their eyes, and graceful is their air!
 In all that's lovely, all that's good array'd,
 Fair is the portrait of the poet's maid!

Sad

Sad tales of woe his tender notes rehearse,
 At first as subjects of mechanic verse ;
 But once the fire of poetry's attain'd,
 He feels the passions, which at first he feign'd.
 Thus self-deceiv'd, ideal griefs pursue,—
 Of sweet sensation, tho' in fancy true.

The bard a while in secret seeks the shrine,
 Nor owns his worship of the tuneful nine ;
 But by degrees enamour'd of his lays,
 He grows ambitious of the public praise.
 Gay is the triumph of the youthful heart,
 When each smooth line seems tun'd with nicest art.
 (Attending more, perhaps, to sound than sense,
 The numbers measure oft at its expence ;
 Mere metre's all, and often more than all—
 One half our rhymsters poetry miscal.—
 Verse after verse well modulated runs ;—
 He sings the sweetest of APOLLO's sons !
 Just ev'ry accent, proper ev'ry pause ;—
 The strictest critic must confer applause !
 Charm'd by the magic of his matchless song,
 Admirers, patrons, and protectors throng ;
 Success attends, as genius points his aim :
 And fortune follows on the heels of fame.
 By fancy deck'd in all these gaudy tints,
 The prospect's tempting,—and the poet *prints*.
 But the delusion soon is doom'd to fly—
 For few read poems with a poet's eye :
 He who ne'er soar'd beyond plain sense and prose,
 Finds little else, perhaps, than what he knows ;
 Nay, where the numbers most melodious chime,
 Perhaps he curses and confounds the rhyme.

The callous critic damns, in sober ire,
The verse that kindled from poetic fire ;
While they whom feelings sympathetic move,
But faintly praise, or silently approve.

Whoever yet the rash attempt has made,
Pronounces poetry no gainful trade.*

Say then, oh muses ! what is the reward
For those you favour with your chief regard ?
In sorrow, and in solitude they sigh ;
Live half neglected ; and obscurely die.
Then envy ceases ; jealousy grows just ;
And pompous monuments enclose the dust.
Now many a wreath (too late !) adorns the bier ;
And loud the plaudits they can never hear !
Now cities, countries, kingdoms vainly strive,
When dead, to honour ; whom they scorn'd alive.
This, then, we find the brightest poet's doom,—
A spiteful fortune,—and a splendid tomb.
In life rejected, death allows the claim ;
And gives an endless, but an empty fame.

But what awaits the bard of low degree ;
The humble rhymester, whom you flint like me ?
We gain, at most, a momentary smile ;
And, if we please, but please a little while.
E're well the grass-clad grave receive the frame,
In long oblivion sinks each short-liv'd name !

Are these attainments worthy to pursue ?
Adieu, then, POETRY ! a long adieu !†

RECANTATION.

* The exceptions, at least, are not numerous.

† The reader may perhaps recollect with a smile, Fabricio writing a farewell ode to the muses. The habit of rhyming, like that of dram-drinking, is a vice, I believe, very rarely, if ever, radically cured.

RECASTATION.

Jamaica 1786.

No more in verseful mood I play,
 Around PARNASSUS' flow'ry way,
 Where gay, but short-liv'd blossoms spring,
 That fruits or harvests never bring !

No more I tune my lofty lays,
 Inspir'd by foolish thirst of praise ;
 The prize, but few can justly claim ;
 Yet fleeting is the fairest fame.

The charms that grac'd each once-lov'd maid,
 Are in my verse no more display'd ;
 From ev'ry soft attachment free,
 No nymph can lend a line to me.

The aged anchorite, who dwells
 In lonely woods, and silent cells ;
 Who ne'er for beauty heav'd a sigh,
 Is not more calm, more cold than I.

Ye eyes, that beam ! ye cheeks, that bloom !
 Ye pouting lips, that breathe perfume !
 Ye swelling breasts, that richly rise !
 The sweets you boast no more I prize !

And tho' the nymph were good as fair,
 And grac'd her Guardian Angel's care ;
 With equal passion I could glow
 For saints who died an age ago.

Thus cool to praise, thus lost to love,
 No joys to rouse, no woes to move ;
 What mirthful themes have I to choose ?
 What subject for the plaintive muse ?

Yet, yet the hours may come again,
 In mournful numbers to complain ;
 To tell the sweets of BRITAIN's Isle ;
 Or sing the joys of beauty's smile.

Ah ! let not *then* the muse upbraid
 My homage *now* so rarely paid !
 And when again I own thy sway,
 Forget the rebel part I play !

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN
 THE MOUNTAINS OF LIGUANEA,
 •ON RETURNING FROM AN EXCURSION TO THE LOW-LANDS.

HAIL, oh darling Mountains, hail!
 Seats of vigour, health, and joy!
 I forsake yon verdant vale,*
 Gaily blooming to destroy!

I the noisome town † forsake,
 Where eternal tumults reign;
 Where the head must ever ache;
 And the heart be still in pain.

Where incessant heats oppress,
 And unhinge the feeble frame;
 Dissipation and excess
 Favour death's relentless claim.

I to claret bid farewell,
 And to all the town's good cheer;
 In these mountains let me dwell!
 Port shall rival claret *here*.

* The vale of Liguanea, perhaps one of the richest and most beautiful in the world.

† Kingston.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN JAMAICA.—1787.

YE gentle rills, to which my numbers chim'd !
 YE peaceful woods, through which I rov'd and rhym'd !
 YE ev'ry charm that decks BRITANNIA's shore !
 I, long an exile, sing you now no more !
 The sweet succession of the varying year
 Is lost to me, in sultry sameness *here* !
 The vernal sweets I know not how to sing,
 'Midst constant Summer, and eternal Spring.
 No happy harvest does this soil produce ;
 But luscious crops, for luxury, not use.
 No Winter here a pleasing contrast serves ;
 Relieves our languor, and new strings our nerves.
 No fleecy flocks on flow'ry pastures play ;
 But hairy monsters crawl the burning way.*
 No peasant's song, or pipe is heard to sound ;
 But chains and scourges echo all around!†
 Through verdant meads yon limpid waters flow ;
 But scarce a freeman there is seen to go !
 Not gay to me yon gaudy mountain's side—
 There sickly slavery work'd—and wept—and died !

† In tropical countries the sheep lose their wool ; which is supplied by a coat of coarse shaggy hair.

* This is, alas ! no poetical hyperbole ; but the literal truth.

Can I behold yon mansion with a smile ?—
 Unwilling labour rear'd the splendid pile !
 Can all LUCINDA's outward charms inspire
 A soft emotion, or a fond desire ?
 When ev'ry gem the cruel creature wears,
 Was bought by streams of blood, and floods of tears !
 Capricious muse ! whom once I fancied mine !
 Who sooth'd each sorrow by some simple line !
 Whose flatt'ring numbers, in fond days of youth,
 Deck'd phantom hope in fairest forms of truth !
 Where art thou fled, with all thy flow'ry train,
 The fertile fancy, and the flowing strain ?
 Where-e'er I roam'd, still ready verse was found,
 That pictur'd beauties on each barren ground.
 New blossoms sprung to deck the vernal tree ;
 And ev'ry field was Fairy Land to me.

Forsaking EUROPE's coasts for INDIAN climes,
 More brilliant objects grac'd a while my rhymes.
 Wonders so vast, such various charms disclose,
 As mock the Rhimester of the rill and rose.
 Such gaudy images around me throng,
 As seem the subject of exhaustless song.
 But soon these beauties pall upon the view ;
 No longer striking, when no longer new.
 Tho' teeming fancy's wildest dreams display
 No scenes, so grand, so picturesque, so gay ;
 Scorch'd by the fervor of a vertic sun,
 Where she should flourish, Fancy is undone.
 Tho' never muse was woo'd in fields so fair,
 Thou seek'st a cooler, but less fragrant air.
 The poet's lyre by listless heats unstrung,

These

These vales and mountains soon remain unsung,
 O'er all the frame a sickly languor creeps ;
 Mem'ry grows feeble ; and invention sleeps.
 Content in indolence we doze away,
 In silent woods, the soporific day.
 No thirst of praise, no energy invades
 The idle glens, and sloth-inviting shades.
 The limpid stream, that murmurs as it flows,
 But soothes to slumbers, and invokes repose.
 The bow'r, impervious to the solar beams,
 Woos to quiescence, and to peaceful dreams.
 An awful gloom eternally pervades
 The silent grottoes and sequester'd glades ;
 A pleasant lethargy of mind bestows,
 And lulls to sweet forgetfulness of woes.
 I court thee not to sing the scented grove ;
 Nor feed my fancy with romantic love.
 Poetic raptures now no longer glow ;
 And verse spontaneous long has ceas'd to flow.
 Where are the smiles that once adorn'd my fair ?
 Where all the graces she was wont to wear ?
 Where is the charm that triumph'd in her eye ?
 And where the softness of the gentle sigh ?
 Where all the pleasing, pretty things she said ?
 Where all the goodness of each heav'nly maid ?
 Still they may bloom in all the charms of youth ;
 Their hearts be fraught with sanctity and truth ;
 Still may their eyes retain their wonted fire,
 And who beholds, be destin'd to admire.
 But I, inhabiting a distant clime ;
 Far from the land of rapture and of rhyme ;
 Their

Their charms in absence, as in death, entomb'd,—
Can scarce remember e'er those beauties bloom'd.

Not much enchanted by the hope of fame,
From love, or fancied love, my numbers came.
No fair one fix'd my frail affections long ;
Yet love was still my subject and my song.
The source exhausted whence they sprung before,
My verses vanish—now I love no more.
Friendship, 'tis true, has lent me many a line,
When strong my fancy, and my feelings fine ;
But, banish'd far from Britain's much lov'd shore,
The reign of sensibility is o'er.
Domestic sweets, the tender ties of blood ;
The joys by feeling only understood ;
Those long are lost ; and cold indiff'rence tells
A like indiff'rence all around me dwells.
From various realms discordant tempers brought,
Find a society they ne'er had sought.
Our habits, principles, and turns of mind,
Our prepossessions, of whatever kind ;
Are all as odious to each partial view,
As are the diff'rent soils on which we grew.
The wild and temperate together fare ;
The rude and delicate too often pair.
Or should we be so fortunate to find,
By happy chance, a sympathetic mind ;
Ere the attachment well to friendship rise,
Fate bids us sever—and the friendship dies.
Thus, by degrees, so callous grows the heart,
It gives to others but a little part ;
Takes scarce an int'rest in surrounding woes ;
Nor minds, 'midst frequent change, who comes or

goes.

F

Exclude

Exclude experience, and oblivious time,
 Both mind and body take a cast from clime.
 But this sad truth too often I have told :
 My blood is boiling—yet my heart is cold !

THE LAMENT OF

DAMON

FOR THE DEATH OF

SYLVIA.

How vain is youth and beauty's pride !
 Since love, and joy, and—SYLVIA died !
 The swain in absence doom'd to mourn,
 May hope at last a glad return ;
 But oh ! the matchless maid I weep,
 Is lull'd in everlasting sleep !
 Those eyes that beam'd with fond desire,
 Have lost for ever all their fire !
 Cold is the cheek I valu'd more
 Than all the bloom e'er beauty bore !
 Those panting lips that grew to mine,
 Have lost the touch that thrill'd divine !
 The heart each tender passion mov'd,
 Forgets for ever all it lov'd !
 No tinsel pomp, no gaudy bier,
 Adorn'd the reliques of my dear.

My

My sighs were all the incense paid—
 My tears bedew'd my tender maid !
 No lofty monuments declare
 The spot where lies my youthful fair ;—
 Where oft unseen we fondly lay,
 And pass'd our heav'nly hours away—
 Beneath her darling *Tam'rind's* shade,
 For ever rests my INDIAN maid !

Oh ! charming grove, where SYLVIA grew !
 So sweet a plant you never knew !
 Why still as fragrant, faithless grove !
 As when thy fragrance pleas'd my love ?
 No more, AGUALTA, shall thy tide
 Receive a beauty like my bride !
 Yet, fickle stream, thou flow'st as clear,
 As when thy waves embrac'd my dear !
 The cooling breeze as kindly blows,
 As when it fann'd her to repose !
 But now to me nor stream, nor grove,
 Nor balmy zephyrs pleasing prove !
 Now vain to me all nature's pride
 Since love and joy, and SYLVIA died !

WRITTEN IN JAMAICA—1787.

Ah ! why should mem'ry now renew
 The scenes of young delight ?
 Or why the foolish, fond review,
 One anxious wish excite ?

What tho' gay foliage deck the grove ;
 'Tho' pure the river roll ;
 Say do they shade my weeping love ?
 Or soothe the friendly soul ?

No more does faithful friendship tread
 The flow'ry painted plains ;
 But yew and ivy, overhead,
 Defend her dear remains !

Ah ! what tho' all the vocal throng
 Resound throughout the vale ?
 Nought but the owl's sad midnight song
 Shall reach the dreary dale !

What tho' the nymphs and shepherds gay
 Still trip the verdant lawn ?
 There gloomy ghosts alone shall stray,
 That shun the distant dawn !

What tho' the fairest fruits and flow'rs
 Emit their sweet perfume ?
 Nor fruit nor flow'r its fragrance pours
 On dear SAPHIRA's tomb !

The

Tho' many a beauty be display'd
 Upon the streamlet's side ;
 Which boasts of many a blooming maid,
 And many a beauteous bride ;

Yet what's to me the brightest fair,
 From soft attachments free ?
 Or why should I for beauties care,
 That do not bloom for me ?

Tho' mirth and care-unclouded play
 Delight the youthful crew ;
 In distant climes my comrades stray.
 And various paths pursue !

Whence springs the wish (oh ! folly, tell !)
 To tread that native shore,
 Where now for me no pleasures dwell,
 And friendship lives no more ?

For me the grove's no longer gay ;
 No longer sweet the rose ;
 And tho' the winding riv'let play,
 No more for me it flows !

'Twas dear society that gave
 The charms that seem'd their own ;
 Their sweets those scenes no more can have,—
 Now all that's fond is flown !

Farewell, ye woods ! farewell, ye glades !
 Farewell, ye limpid streams !
 And, oh farewell, ye BRITISH maids,
 So long my darling themes !

ON
MALE PROSTITUTION

WHEN female beauty, weak by nature made,
By subtle arts of treach'rous man betray'd ;
To well dissembled love an early prey,
Or led by tenderness of heart astray ;
Her glutted passions ceasing to entice,
But want compelling her to *trade* in vice ;
Puts up to public sale her venal charms,
And takes the old and ugly to her arms ;
The friendless minion's ever sure to find
Contempt and cruelty from all mankind.

Frail from her nature, helpless in her state,
If erring woman meets so hard a fate ;
If she, whose beauty was in virtue priz'd,
Be by the sex that plunder'd her despis'd ;
What worst degree of infamy is due,
Of loudest clamour, and of blackest hue,
To wretches meaner than the worm they tread,
Devoid of sentiment, to honour dead ;
Who never felt one spark of manly pride,
But lay the Lordship of their sex aside ;
At whose base names my soul takes instant fire,
Men who can prostitute themselves for hire !
Who sacrifice their nights to vicious age,
To doating woman, and her am'rous rage.

Curs'd be the richest wines, the noblest fare,
Curs'd ev'ry luxury those reptiles share !

Sour

Sour be their viands ! bitter be their draught !
 And doubly bitter each intrusive thought !
 Hard be to them the couch of softest down !
 And ev'ry morrow meet them with a frown !
 Let never beauty in their presence smile,
 Nor give them pleasure for the shortest while !
 Let tempests beat, or sultry sunshine glow,*
 And vegetation cease where-e'er they go !
 May they in premature old age decline !
 And all pursue them with contempt like mine !
 May they, in impotence, retain desire !
 In pain, in poverty, in shame expire !
 May all mankind their memory despise,
 And no such beings ever more arise !

WRITTEN AT
EDINBURGH.

1788

BENEATH the ardors of a southern sky,
 For milder climates I would vainly sigh ;
 Each native scene that faithless mem'ry drew,
 Was deck'd in colours gayer than it grew.
 Tho' all around the brightest prospects rose
 E'er poet fancied, or e'er painter chose ;
 Tho' nature there exerted all her skill,
 To deck the valley, and adorn the hill ;

Tho'

* To many of my readers sunshine may appear a very extraordinary kind of punishment ; but by such of them as may have visited Jamaica, where these lines were written, it will not be considered as a very light one.

Tho' spring and summer blended all their charms,
 And autumn flourish'd free from winter's harms ;
 Tho' precious blossoms scented all the air,
 For ever fragrant, and for ever fair ;
 O'er all the grove tho' tempting harvests hung,
 And the rich landscape bloom'd for ever young ;
 Altho' the streamlet flow'd for ever clear,
 Free from the torpor of the aged year :
 Though these gave once enthusiastic joy—
 A long acquaintance taught them all to cloy.
 Luxuriant beauties could delight no more,
 While fickle fancy sought a humbler shore.
 In all the graces of eternal **MAY**,
 She feign'd the mildness of **BRITANNIA**'s day ;
 In gentle slumbers, pregnant with delight,
 She lull'd the horrors of **DECEMBER**'s night.
 Still harmless cowslips sprung beneath her feet ;
 And dasied meadows, fraught with ev'ry sweet ;
 Cool grots and shades, that knew no burning ray ;
 Where peaceful poets loiter'd life away ;
 Where love and song inspir'd them one and all,
 And ev'ry muse was ready at their call.
 But, ah ! the fond enchantress never told.
 Of snowy tempest's and of wint'ry cold.
 Far out of sight she held the hoary heath,
 Where the chill'd peasant sinks forlorn in death ;
 The scenes of famine, penury and care,
 Our frigid islanders are doom'd to bear !
 No frosts, no hails, no cold inclement air,
 No leafless woods, no icy wastes were there !
 But when to **BRITAIN**'s long'd-for coast I came,
 Alas ! that **BRITAIN** seem'd no more the same !
 How

How bleak and comfortless did all appear !
 Scanty its crops, and difficult to rear !
 Bare was the grove—where all the muses play'd !
 Chill was the grot ! and sombre was the shade !
 'Tho' of **CASTALIAN** stream but small my share,
 For me a little once the muse could spare !
 Now from the brink I vainly try to sip—
 The streamlet's frozen ere it reach my lip.
 Low on **PARNASSUS** I was wont to play,
 Yet crop'd some flow'rets in my humble way ;
 Now ruthless winter nips each fading flow'r,
 And not one blossom buds within my pow'r !
 Ye **INDIAN** realms ! bright scenes of summer's
 pride !

I've left my muses on **AGUALTA**'s side !
 Not those wild maids that suit the northern hind,
 Sharp as the frost, and active as the wind ;
 But the soft nymphs who love at ease to sing,
 And bask in beauties of eternal spring ;
 Whom no tumultuous, bustling passions move—
 Blest in sweet slumbers, and a fragrant grove ;
 Who, like themselves, a languid lay inspire—
 Tun'd to soft numbers, but devoid of fire.
 Like their **AGUALTA**, smooth, but never deep ;
 They never taught us or to laugh, or weep.
 Thus careless ever may my muses be !
 Who asks deep study, is no muse for me.

WRITTEN AT

EDINBURGH.

1788.

Oh ! where BRITANNIA, are those sweets,
 I hop'd in thee to find ?
 My eye no wonted beauty meets
 Or to that beauty's blind !

How piercing are thy winter's frowns !
 How faint thy summer's smile !
 With frugal bounty nature crowns
 The bleak, the barren isle !

Thy fairest fruits but bloom to fade !
 Thy flow'rs but bud to die !
 And ere the wood well yield a shade,
 Its short-liv'd beauties fly !

And yet *for these* have I forsook
 The grove for ever gay ;
 Where nature never chang'd her look,
 Nor e'er has felt decay !

The woods with constant foliage fine ;
 The ever verdant vale ;
 The genial beams that brightly shine ;
 The fresh, the fragrant gale !

Oh beauteous scenes ! if e'er again
 Your various charms I see ;
 You shall be sweeter to my strain,
 And fairer far to me !

ON

ON REVISITING THE
 BANKS OF FORTH;
 AND OF THE
 WATER OF LEITH.

1788.

Oh hail ! ye once lov'd native streams,
 Whose banks I've left so long !
 Where once fantastic, pleasing dreams
 Inspir'd my youthful song !

These streams were surely once more clear !
 These banks were once more gay !
 And many a beauty blossom'd near,
 That time has snatch'd away !

Or did the partial eye of youth
 Ideal charms perceive ;
 Which to the sober view of truth
 No sort of semblance leave ?

Such tales did treach'rous mem'ry tell
 Of sweets that centred here ;
 AGUALTA's stream, tho' lov'd so well,
 Was scarcely quite so dear.

But if I e'er again shall view
 AGUALTA's peaceful shade,
 And find for ever fond and true,
 My charming INDIAN maid;

G 2

No

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G 2

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No more the foolish wish to roam
 Shall fire my fickle mind ;
 But that shall be my only home,
 Which seems most fair and kind !

O'er fairer fields my charmer roves
 Than e'er you wander'd through ;
 Or slumbers in more fragrant groves
 Than e'er have shelter'd you.

Yet, yet again I hope to tread
 The far, but fav'rite shore ;
 And happy *there*, FORTH, THAMES, OR TWEED,
 I'll ne'er regret you more !

TO

A WIDOW
 IN OUTRAGEOUS SORROW.

SORROWS, like thine, vociferous and loud,
 Wear out far sooner than the husband's shroud.
 They feel but weakly, whose laments are strong ;
 And weeping plentifully, weep not long.
 While scarce a tear escapes the steadfast eye :
 And scarce one pang is vented in a sigh ;
 In lone recesses, and in shades of night,
 True grief for ever shuns the public sight.
 While sobs and groans the slightest woes impart ;
 Mute is the anguish of a breaking heart !

EXTEMPORE

EXTEMPORE.

SUCH modes of slander does ATOSSA take,
 Retaliation none can ever make :
 FULVIA had slipp'd in love, Atoffa said—
 And who could wonder at so fair a maid ?
 But the same thing of HER if FULVIA said,
 None would believe it of so foul a jade.

TO

A COCK.

THE dove in woods that wildly flies,
 The lark that skims along the skies ;
 Each warbler that frequents the grove,
 Or sports where winding waters rove ;

In lonely paths that takes his Flight,
 And nestles far from human Sight ;
 To hidden caves, or flow'ry brakes,
 One lov'd and only mate he takes.

With her alone he fondly plays,
 Nor from her e'er inconstant strays ;

With

With cheerful toil he rears her nest,
And sings his little love to rest

He cautious guards their callow brood,
And careful culls the fittest food ;
No charms can change, no toils can tire
The constant mate, and tender fire.

But **THEE**, debauch'd by humankind,
No fond attachments ever bind !
Like **MAN**, a libertine you rove,
And hourly change your vagrant love.

The vices of our faithless race
Our subject animals debase ;
The strong contagion reaches all
That live within our care or call.

IN INDIFFERENCE TO

MIRA.

Ah ! where is now the pleasing pain ?
The flame that gently fir'd ?
Ah where the soft, the tender strain,
That **MIRA** once inspir'd ?

The

The pleasing pain is cur'd by time ;
 The flame in absence dies ;
 And all the softness of my rhyme
 Along with passion flies.

Yet all the hours that roll'd away,
 Could ne'er have chang'd my mind ;
 And love had still maintain'd his sway,
 Had MIRA been but kind.

The flame, that's mutual, far and long
 May undiminish'd burn ;
 But love, in absence, must be strong
 To live without return.

Oh Love ! dear Deity, farewell !
 Ideal joys, adieu !
 Ye fairy fields, where raptures dwell,
 That reason never knew !

Farewell, AGUALTA's limpid stream !
 Farewell the fragrant grove !
 Within whose shade I wont to dream
 Of MIRA and of love.

No more does flatt'ring fancy feign
 The bliss that's still in store ;
 Nor partial mem'ry paint the train
 Of sweets that went before ;

No more recals the kindling eye,
 The sweet approving smile ;
 Nor fancied griefs excite a sigh,
 Nor am'rous hopes beguile.

The smile that dimpled MIRA's cheek,
 Was never meant for me ;
 And tho' her looks were heav'nly meek,
 Those looks from love were free.

In cheerful innocence she smil'd,
 As free from guilt as care :
 Her heart was soft, her soul was mild ;
 But passion reign'd not there.

How coolly can I now rehearse
 Those once bewitching charms ;
 Nor feel a rapture raise my verse,
 Or give my heart alarms.

On all her virtues I can dwell,
 Without a fond design ;
 And of her rosy lips can tell,
 Nor wish them join'd to mine.

Yet no resentment fires a heart,
 Where love has now no share ;
 I own thee lovely as thou art,
 Thou gentlest of the fair.

Accept these last intrusive lays,
 My once dear INDIAN maid !
 And trust the now impartial praise,
 By cold indiff'rence paid !

To

TO MISS —

Is there a nymph can play the *prudent* part,
 And hide the soft emotions of her heart ?
 Who, while she feels a mutual flame to glow,
 Affects the chilling coldness of the snow ?
 And who, when nature prompts a fond reply,
 With feign'd indiff'rence calmly can deny ?
 Who, where she loves, can dart the hostile frown ;
 And teach her eyes resentment not their own ?
 Since men are apt to flatter and betray ;
 We'll own, perhaps, she takes the *wiseſt* way —
 Yet, should I e'er be caught in Cupid's snare,
 Give me the *candid* and *ingenuous* Fair !
 For she who smothers passion's pow'rful call,
 May be as great a hypocrite in all.
 She who possesses this deceitful skill,
 May feign as many virtues as she will ;
 And, much I fear, the art that *love* can hide,
 May cover fifty thousand *faults* beside.

TO A

FRIEND,

LATELY RELIEVED FROM DISTRESS.

WHEN sorrows pour at once from ev'ry side,
 And ev'ry gleam of comfort seems denied ;
 The gallant spirit hails the gloomy hour,
 That seems to put him out of fortune's pow'r.
 'Tis vain, absurd, and cowardly to mourn—
 The worst is past, and peace may soon return.
 Nay, in the very moment of despair,
 The storm that bursts, may leave the prospect fair.
 When thy last hope in night had sunk away,
 'Twas but to cheer thee with a brighter day.
 Let patience say, where num'rous ills appear,
 'Tis but an omen that good fortune's near ;
 And when adversity has long depress'd,
 It gives prosperity a keener zest.

HUMDRUM.

No tales of love have I to tell,
 No fav'rite Fair to sing ;
 In listless apathy I dwell—
 A dull insipid thing.

No

No more from soft romantic themes
 The day derives delight ;
 Nor real joys, nor rapt'rous dreams—
 Dead sleep consumes the night.

My life is, like my heart, a void ;
 No joys it has to spare.
 But, if with pleasure little cloy'd,
 It brings as little care.

No hopes of distant bliss have I
 To plague the present day ;
 Then, if my minutes do not fly,
 I well can brook delay.

And why should I at fate repine,
 If no bright prospects cheer ?
 The fewer promises are mine,
 The less have I to fear.

If I no tender subjects have,
 I want the pain to think ;
 And by the muses frowns I save
 My trouble—and my ink.

ON THE POWER OF
 PREJUDICE ;
 AND THE PREVALENCE OF
 PEDANTRY

HOWE'ER we wish, we scarce can hope to see
 That man from PREJUDICE entirely free. ¶
 Tho' over some but feeble sway he hold ;
 His pow'r o'er others is most uncontrol'd.

From many a source the muddy torrent flows,
 That sweeps before it ev'ry sweet that grows.
 But EDUCATION still conspicuous seems
 Among the strongest of its parent streams.
 Scarce TEMPER, tho' the fountain-head of all,
 Descends so fast, or with so fierce a fall.
 HABIT runs ~~on~~ with still, but steady force ;
 And strong the storm that drives him from his course.
 Pure from the fountain does RELIGION glide,
 And fairest flow'rets flourish by her side ;
 Joy fills the mead, and melody the grove ;
 And all is peace, and innocence, and love.
 No wand'ring streams perplex the pilgrim's way ;
 No clouds obscure ; but all is bright as day.
 But, as through various realms she rolls along,
 The winds grow louder, and the waves more strong ;
 And as the swelling waters wildly wind,
 They take a tincture from each soil they find.
 Now over rocks the raging billows pour ;
 Huge monsters howl ; and furious tempests low'r ;
 They

They mix with floods, that know not whence 't
came ;

And SUPERSTITION takes RELIGION's name.

But, without allegory, we may find
How early habits prepossess mankind.
Whatever tenets are instill'd in youth,
Retain too often all the force of truth.
'Tho' each will fondly fancy he is right,
And think his creed emits the clearest light ;
Let him indulge his humour as he may—
But let his neighbour also take his way !
'Tis not from theories, but useful works,
I judge alike of CHRISTIANS, or of TURKS ;
I have perceiv'd, and paid the praises due,
Worth in a PAPIST, justice in a JEW.
Give me the man of gen'rous thought and deed,
I'll never cavil at his call, or creed.

Some men all objects through a medium view,
That stamps their value from the place they grew.
To them in no one region, but their own,
Or beauty, worth, or genius e'er was known.
Convinc'd that all must see, with equal eyes,
Whate'er they love, they honour, or despise ;
Whene'er another candidly declares
Opinions incompatible with theirs ;
So clear their cause, their arguments so strong,
They think him only obstinately wrong.

For ever faithful to their first mistake,
What mean distinctions the illib'ral make !
Not only on the unbelieving world
By CHRISTIAN Bigots is damnation hurl'd ;

Sects into sects divide, and subdivide ;
 And each one curses ev'ry sect beside.
 Each is alone with Orthodoxy blest ;
 Though damn'd for Heresy by all the rest §.

The soul by prejudices strictly bound,
 Contracts and centres on a narrow ground.
 (Poor is that partial ignorant, indeed,
 Who fixes merit either side the Tweed !)
 Most men are *national* ; but not a few
 I call *provincial*, and *parochial* too.
 Not only partial in the human race ;
 No beauty ever left their native place.
 So richly nature shed her bounties there,
 She had no further largesses to spare.

The brutal kind are form'd with finer grace,
 And vegetation wears a fairer face ;
 Nor fruits nor flow'rs e'er found so rich a soil,
 Nor e'er did tillage take so little toil.
 Its sage inhabitants alone can tell
 The art of using all these blessings well.
 Each little custom that's establish'd there,
 Should be adopted ev'ry other where ;
 And all who deviate from their beaten way,
 Appear to them from common sense to stray.

Some pedants dream that praise is only due
 To that profession they themselves pursue.
 The Quack, puff'd up with medical degree,
 Deals out hard words, proportion'd to his fee.
 The Lawyer stuff'd with cases and reports,
 Talks to the fair the jargon of the courts.

Each

§ The reader will please to advert that I speak of *Bigs* only.

Each, with a style peculiarly his own,
Admires that fine phraseology alone ;
And wheresoe'er it is not understood,
Contemns his auditors as dull or rude.

'Tis not in closets, colleges, or cells,
The pedant only and for ever dwells.
'Tis not with science he is only found ;
In midnight studies ; or on classic ground.
The pride of pedantry's alike display'd
By pompous learning, and by bustling trade.
Tho' various shapes, in various views, they wear ;
To me as pedants half mankind appear.
Not they alone who, skill'd in nature's laws,
Can from effects explore the secret cause ;
They who around the universe can stray,
And take in starry paths their wond'rous way.
Not they in vegetable virtues vers'd,
Who cult each plant each genial soil has nurs'd ;
And from their native or exotic wealth,
Dispel disease, and sow the seeds of health.
Not they who trace, through many a musty page,
The dubious histories of ev'ry age ;
Who, with a nice precision, ascertain
The jarring annals of each ancient reign ;
Who cause Chronologies and names agree,
Of little consequence to you or me ;
And can each legendary tale unfold
In the same language that it first was told.
Perhaps, this vanity they most despise,
Who may their knowledge the most justly prize.
Disdaining rev'rend black, or rustic grey,
The pedant often glares in rich array ;

Or

Of stars, of titles, or of ermines proud,
 From gilded coach he scowls upon the crowd.
 At court he blazons his armorial pride ;
 On gold and turtle gorges in Cheapside.
 Of balls and barbers, delicacies, dress,
 The puppy lisps, a pedant in excess.
 Egregious pedantry I have survey'd
 In coxcomb feather, and in fierce cockade.
 With martial pomp, proud pedantry may come
 (And comes too oft !) preceded by the drum ;
 Tease you with tactics in eternal rote ;
 And look contempnuous on a snuff-brown coat.
 The rough, unpolish'd, and unletter'd Tar
 Thinks merit only walks a man of war ;
 He scorns the Landsman loitering at ease,
 And all who live not on, or like the seas.
 True to the counting-house's formal style,
 The Merchant is a pedant all the while ;
 Who views the giddy mortals with disdain,
 That place not pleasure in pursuit of gain.
 The pedant often o'er the pencil leans ;
 And full as often struts behind the scenes.
 There in blank-verse he soars, a Bard sublime,
 And here, like me, he pesters you in rhyme.
 What crowds of pedants Christie's* call allures,
 In various shapes, yet all as Connoisseurs.
 Of all the pedants who the world infest.
 The Politician's the most grievous pest.
 Fond to inquire, tho' fonder to impart,
 With idle questions he annoys your heart :
 Or pours with thankless zeal, into your ear
 News you ne'er ask'd, nor ever wish'd to hear ;

* The noted Auctioneer.

With sieges, treaties, conquests, and defeats,
 In quick succession, stuns each man he meets ;
 Alike intelligent in peace or war,
 And secret counsels—trusted to the STAR*.
 Folly imbibes the principles of PAYNE,
 And spouts them out in ale-house clubs again ;
 Where tipsey orators attempt to shine,
 As oft through Pedantry as deep design.
 HOLCROFT from PAYNE and Pedantry derives
 The sage Chimeras of his ANNE ST IVES.†
 Have you e'er listen'd, with impatient ear,
 To the long fox-chase, or the loss of deer ?
 Have you e'er run the gantlope through his hounds
 His grooms, his horses, and his pleasure grounds ?
 Have you e'er sigh'd to see the supper cold,
 Long e'er the cock-fight, or the race was told ?
 If phrases puzzle, repetitions tire,
 What greater Pedant than the Country Squire ?
 The Peasant, plodding on from day to day,
 Is just as much a Pedant in his way.
 By the illiterate mechanic's side,
 'Midst looms or forges, sits pedantic pride ;
 His labour lightens, zest his ev'ning's ale,
 And clouds with technicals his tedious tale.
 With him who settles, and with him who fails,
 Who works, or wanders, Pedantry prevails ;
 In all professions, whether gay or grave,
 Learn'd or laborious, he has many a slave.

I

I've

The Newf-paper so called.

* Anne St. Ives, a book in which Mr Holcroft, under the cloak of a novel, attempts to establish the Levelling System.

I've seen a pedant, no one could exceed,
 A Dancing-master—never taught to read.
 One pedant's science is a ring of bells ;
 Another's Somersets at Sadler's Wells.
 Buffoons and Fidlers, who at gownsmen sneer,
 Are ranker Pedants in a ruder sphere.
 Nay, grov'ling Pedantry descends so far
 As brutal skill in pugilistic war ;
 From arts, that infamy might blush to claim,
 Ev'n peers and senators aspire to fame.
 To thieves and bullies pedantry is known,
 And lends to vice a language of its own.
 Say, in what college more complete his reign,
 Than in St Giles's, or in Drury Lane ?
 The pedant shows his consequential face
 Alike in Pimlico, and Portland place ;
 In dullness lounges a box-lobby buck ;
 In brandy swaggers at the Dog-and-Duck.
 If in Moorfields he make grimace in pray'r,
 He grins in Smithfield zany of the fair.
 If in St Stephen's he a patriot brawl,
 Or swell with pride of office at Whitehall ;
 He vents Philippics in as fierce a mood
 In the Lyceum, or the Robin-Hood ;
 So in the round-house, at the midnight hour,
 He shares the pleasure of *official pow'r*.
 What pedant fop at Ranelagh excells
 The powder'd prentice beau of Bagnige wells ?
 Has Lincoln's inn a pedant e'er so rare,
 Who meets no brother in the booths of Clare ?
 From Warwick Lane did e'er a pedant fall,
 Who could not find his fellow in 'Change Alley ?

One

One takes on' Hounslow heath the ev'ning's air,
 Another ~~shuffles~~ nigh St. James's Square ;
 A third one plumes him on New Market still ;
 Each is a knave, and knaves are pedants still.
 As men illiterate are scorn'd in schools,
 So rogues regard all honest men as fools.

The softer sex I always seek to spare,
 Yet are not pedants rise among the fair ?
 The cant of fashion, though it live not long,
 Forms the disgusting pedantry of *ton*.
 In airs of artless vanity array'd,
 A simpler pedant, prates the village maid.
 By far the greater portion of mankind,
 To one employment, and one place confin'd ;
 The same dull track still uniformly go ;
 One narrow circle all the world they know.
 Unless illumin'd by superior parts,
 By warm, benevolent, and feeling hearts ;
 Fix'd in their habits, their ideas few,
 All variations they with wonder view,
 But there are minds of prejudice so strong,
 From clime to clime they carry it along ;
 Who round the world, without improvement,

roam ;

And go, as biassed as they came from home ;
 Who scorn all arts their country does not share,
 And ev'ry plant not propagated there.

The sound, discerning, and ingenuous mind
 Soon leaves each local prejudice behind ;
 Wide it expands, through frequent change of place,
 And takes as brethren all the human race.

It hopes that innocence for heav'n was made,
That prays in darkness—or that never pray'd ;
Nor dreams that nature e'er a colour gave,
That stamps its owner as another's slave.
It still retains the proper, the sublime,
The just attachment to its native clime ;
But, with a gen'rous and an honest pride,
It throws all vain partialities aside.
No foolish whims his plans of pleasure foil,
Who sees and tastes the sweets of ev'ry soil.
To him each hour some acquisition brings,
Who welcomes knowledge-whencesoe'er she springs.
The lib'ral spirit, the enlighten'd soul,
Embraces excellence from pole to pole.

THE

THE
DELIVERANCE
OR
AFRICA.

LONG did BRITANNIA's eager sons explore
The savage deserts of the AFRIC shore ;
Exchang'd the clime, that sheds each temp'rate sweet,
For boiling billows, and the tropics heat ;
Left the fair land, where FREEDOM loves to dwell, 5
For realms of SLAVERY, and for scenes of HELL ;
From coast to coast industriously they steer'd ;
No tempests dreaded ; and no fevers fear'd.
What was the motive, let the muses say !
Impell'd those Zealots to that sultry way ? 10
Was it to cultivate th' untutor'd mind,
And scatter KNOWLEDGE through the savage kind ?
Was it to propagate their CHRISTIAN FAITH,
Those MARTYRS ventur'd all the forms of death ?
Was it, with bland instruction, to impart 15
The strange refinements of BRITANNIC ART ?
Was it to teach the idle hand to wield
The tools of tillage on th' uncultur'd field ?
Was it to bid the flames of DISCORD cease,
And point the warring tribes to arts of PEACE ? 20
Was it HUMANITY, or VIRTUE's cause ;
To give them MORALS, LIBERTY, or LAWS ?
Ah no ! alas ! with far less gen'rous aim
Degen'rate BRITONS to these regions came !

²Twas

'Twas not to stop the streams of BLOOD to flow, 25
 To cherish FAMINE, or to comfort WOE ;
 'Twas not to spread an useful KNOWLEDGE round,
 Or carry CULTURE to the barren ground ;
 'Twas not to teach the MODES OF PEACEFUL LIFE ;—
 But to disseminate ETERNAL STRIFE ! 30
 'Twas to bid HAVOC desolate the land,
 And MAN to perish by a BROTHER'S HAND !
 'Twas each malignant PASSION to inspire,
 And set their souls with ~~AVARICE~~ on fire !
 'Twas nature's first and tend'rest ties to wound ; 35
 And leave them far more savage than they found !
 'Twas to bid RAPINE take his crimson'd way,
 And yield the feeble to the strong a prey !
 'To drag the Parent from his Infant Race,
 And tear the virgin from her love's embrace ! 40
 'Twas to give BONDAGE to the free and brave,
 And add new burdens to the humbler slave !
 To force their victims from their native woods,
 To galling setters, and to fearful floods ;
 O'er distant seas, to foreign lands to bear, 45
 To pine in SLAVERY, EXILE, and DESPAIR !
 Of all the catalogue of human crimes,
 In ancient story, or in modern times ;
 There's scarce a species but that must appear
 To be united and concentrated here ! 50
 But now no more shall BRITISH ruffians stray,
 Fraught with destruction, horror and dismay !
 The great, the wise, the genious, and the good,
 Now all combine to stop the men of blood ;
 And BRITAIN's sails shall be no more unfurl'd, 55
 But to spread peace and pleasure round the world :
 To

To sow the seeds of plenty in the wild,
And carry knowledge to rude nature's child !

In future times shall splendid science rise
O'er realms whose ignorance we now dispise. 60
When AFRICS, HUMES, and ROBERTSONS relate
The tragic story of their Father's fate ;
When CÆSARS, EDWARDS, CROMWELLS, shall no
more

Retain the lustre they so falsely wore ;
Bright shall the name of WILBERFORCE appear, 60
And SMITH's and MARTIN's be recorded there !
In fair and faithful colours still array'd,
THORNTON and WHITEBREAD shall be there display'd ;
Some fable MILTON's patriotic lays
The rival statesmen too shall love to praise ; 70
Who, laying party prejudice aside,
In virtue's cause with mutual ardour vied !

But on the record base their names shall stand,
Who wish this traffic still to stain the land !
They who presume to palliate, or deny 75
Crimes, clear as sunshine to the weakest eye.
And they who arrogantly dare to say,
God form'd the NEGRO of inferior clay ;
Or lodg'd no soul in this inferior frame,—
Or such as merits not the human name ;
No tender feelings planted in his breast ; 80
Made but for toil, and born to be oppres'd.
Not ev'n his organs form'd, like ours, to feel
The scourge's torture, or the galling steel.
These impious doctrines spurn'd with gen'rous rage, 85
May BRITAIN hasten AFRIC'S GOLDEN AGE !

The

The barren wastes, where despotism reigns,
 Then chang'd to fruitful fields and flow'ry plains ;
 The naked beach, where ocean useles's beats,
 To busy harbours fill'd with wealthy fleets. 90
 Where pirate barks now prowl about for prey,
 Shall peaceful navies ride in rich array.
FREEDOM shall smile where **SLAVERY** sigh'd before,
And COMMERCE flourish on the fertile shore.
 Then shall **PHILOSOPHY** extend his sway, 95
 And **LAWS** shall teach to rule and to obey.
 In polish'd life shall selfish rapine cease ;
 And population rapidly increase.
 Where the lone **SAVAGE** wander'd in dismay,
 And fear'd a foe each footstep of his way ; 100
 Now social **HARMONY** **MANKIND** unites,
 And civil **POLITY** protects their rights.*
 Where russia freebooters repair'd of old,
 Now Foreign merchants marts in friendship hold.
LEARNING diffuses his benignant ray ; 105
 And blest **RELIGION** beams in radiant day.
 The stores to **AFRIC** lib'ral nature gave
 (Vain to the *Tyrant*, useles's to the *Slave*) !

Cultur'd

* Rapt with the enchanting prospect, the author sometimes confounds the present and the future ; and speaks as if the happy Era were already arrived, which, he fondly hopes, is fast approaching.

He must add, with infinite regret, that, from the apparent disposition of parliament in the present session, his hopes of seeing a speedy termination put to the inhuman African Slave-Trade are by no means so sanguine now, as they were at the time of his writing the above. March 1793.

Cultur'd by LIBERTY's prolific hand,
Shall lavish plenty o'er the teeming land. 110
There BRITISH ingenuity shall find
A barter of more equitable kind ;
In which no BLOOD OF INNOCENCE is spilt ;
And FORTUNE's gain'd, without the price of GUILT.
Then godlike CHARITY shall joy to view 115
No mean distinction of a clime, or hue !
Wide shall BENEVOLENCE encircle ALL ;
And MEN their BROTHERS ALL MANKIND shall call !

April 1792

VAPOURS.

FALSE mem'ry on the past bestows
A joy it never knew ;
While fancy on the present throws
A dark and dismal hue.

Ah why regret, my foolish heart !
Dull hours that doz'd away ?
And why for fancied sorrows smart,
That plague the passing day ?

The time we least enjoyment had,
To mem'ry sweet appears ;
And life, however sick or sad,
Approaching death endears !

K

ADDRESS

ADDRESS
TO RATIONAL AND GENUINE
LIBERTY.*

Come, blissful LIBERTY ! whose heav'nly name
Still lights my bosom with the brightest flame !
Inspire with energy my feeble lay,
To bring thy beauties to the blaze of day !
Gay are the groves where THOU delight'st to rove !
There all is peace, and harmony, and love !
There no oppressor binds the burden'd slave ;
But all enjoy what GOD and Nature gave !
There no one trembles at a tyrant's wrath ;
No lawless rabbles deal the shafts of death !
Smooth are the streams that lave thy blest domain ;
Thy limpid waters flow without a stain !

Through

† The author having already published a " Poetical Address to Rational and Genuine Liberty ;" did not intend it to have made part of this Volume. Nor, indeed, was its reception (if he may judge from the sale) such as to invite a second impression. The mortification his vanity might have sustained from the public neglect, was, however, in a great measure, compensated by the favourable opinions given of it by several individuals, not only of high rank, but of distinguished abilities. Having, since the publication, made very considerable additions ; and supposing that, from its confined circulation in its original form, the whole may be new to most of his readers, he has been induced to alter his plan, and to make room for it by the suppression of several short pieces on less interesting subjects.

Through fertile fields and flow'ry meads they play;
 For ever cherish'd by thy genial ray !
 There **HEALTH** and **HAPPINESS**, thy offspring shine ;
 And **SCIENCE** beams, a glorious child of thine !
 There mild **PHILOSOPHY** still bends his way ;
 And **LAW** and **REASON** rule with gentle sway !
 There cheerful **INDUSTRY**, with willing toil,
 Adds still new beauties to the grateful soil !
 Thy peaceful citizen no poignard meets ;
 No **HAVOC** desolates thy crowded streets !
 There busy **COMMERCE**, unrestrain'd and free,
 Deals out the treasures of the land and sea !
 Thy fost'ring hands fair **GENIUS** first produce,
 And all the **ARTS** of **ELEGANCE** or **USE** !
 Soon may that gen'ral **JUBILEE** appear,
 When thy glad summons **ALL MANKIND** shall hear !
 When **SLAVES** no more shall till a stranger's ground ;
 And none but **FREEMEN** in the world be found !
 But never may that fatal hour be known,
 When savage **ANARCHY** shall seize thy throne !
 I pay my tribute to thy spotless fame ;
 But spurn the monster who usurps thy name !
 Yet fiends there are (feign'd votaries of thine !)
 Who seat this idol on thy sacred shrine !
 They deck this Demon in thy fairest guise ;
 And bid her incense on thine altars rise !
 This worthless wanton, of licentious race,
 Assumes the semblance of thy heav'nly face !
 This rude barbarian, rear'd on human food,
 The fiercest despot that e'er gorg'd on blood ;
 The sellest foe to whatsoe'er is free ;
 Those wretches hail, blest **LIBERTY** for **THEE** !

But soon the base impostor is descried !
 Thin is her veil, and quickly laid aside !
 Where'er she comes, tumultuous russians roar ;
 WISDOM's struck dumb, and VIRTUE's heard no more.
 They who had hop'd to find thy friendly hand ;
 See, in thy stead, a FURY rule the land !
 RIOT and RAPINE mark her ruthless way ;
 And DEATH, her consort, rides in grim array !
 Beneath her tread the fairest flow'ret fades !
 Each field grows barren, that she once invades !
 Her loathsome limbs pollute the purest flood ;
 Which, from the contact, flows in streams of blood !

With a loud voice the brazen boaster cries :
 " Behold ! FAIR FREEDOM quits, for you, the skies !
 " Haste ye, her favour'd children ! at her call ;
 " Who comes to render happiness to all !
 " No more be you by servile laws confin'd
 " Nor Kings and Magistrates controul mankind !
 " No hireling toil, to gain his neighbour pelf !
 " But ev'ry man be Sov'REIGN OF HIMSELF !
 " No poor and opulent ; no high and low ;
 " No wise and ignorant my realm shall know !
 " No vain distinctions shall be *there* display'd !
 " But all be equal as they first were made !"

Tho' blood and ruin stain her mad career,
 These specious sounds attract the common ear.
 Pleas'd to o'erleap the mounds they once had fear'd,
 And slight superiors they so long rever'd ;
 Clowns dash the hatchet and the spade away,
 And seize the sceptre they *were born to sway*.

Oh !

Oh ! GENUINE LIBERTY ! BRITANNIA's pride !
 Still deign to smile, thy darling people's guide !
 Still, undisguised by meretricious aid,
 Be thy base rival to our sight display'd !
 Let no romantic theories destroy
 The real blessings which we now enjoy !
 Nor let us e'er, by idle dreams betray'd,
 Resign the substance, to pursue the shade !
 Shew us EQUALITY ne'er yet was found
 With social habits, or on classic ground !

'Tis from the rudest stage of savage life,
 We trace this fountain of eternal strife.
 Shall we repair to GREENLAND's frigid coast,
 And seek in wint'ry caves our nature's boast ?
 Or shall we follow to the desart wood
 Some naked CANNIBAL in search of food ?
 Clear and unsullied, as they first began,
 His, in perfection, are the RIGHTS OF MAN !
 FREEDOM that OSWALD may pursue in vain !
 And ev'n PHILOSOPHY too pure for PAYNE !
 KING OF HIMSELF, and form'd for self alone,
 No social duties to his heart are known ;
 To glut his appetites his only care,
 Nor love, nor friendship finds admittance there !
 Free as the wind licentiously to roam,
 Each wild his empire, and each bush his home !
 Fierce as the tiger, and as lawless too ;
 No bar forbids him what he lists to do !
 Thus does he riot, wild and uncontroll'd ;
 'Till crush'd by some one still more strong or bold.
 Ev'n here EQUALITY in vain we seek !
 Ev'n here the strong must triumph o'er the weak !

Nor

Nor do mankind thy balmy breath imbibe
 Amidst the wand'rings of the savage tribe ;
 'Tis the pretender, **ANARCHY**, alone,
 Who by thy title in the wild is known.

However low the **BRITISH PEASANT** lies,
 Still he derives from **THEE** the right to rise.
 He treads his peaceful path, devoid of fear ;
 Secure from danger, as the **PRINCE OR PEER**.
 No brutal ravisher can here annoy
 The father's feelings, or the bridegroom's joy ;
 Nor dare the hand of violence invade
 The hut that harbours the most humble maid !
 The marble palace, and the roof of straw,
 Yield like protection under equal law.
 Should **GENIUS** animate the meanest frame,
 Thy hand can usher him to wealth and fame.
 No vulgar birth disqualifies thy sons ;
 The race is open to whoever runs.
 To whatsoever object he applies,
 Ingenious **INDUSTRY** may reach the prize.
 Whether he court the pulpit, or the bar,
 The fields of science, or the paths of war ;
 No law, nor privilege, dare interfere,
 To stop true merit in his mid career.
 Each cannot gain the good he has in view ;
 But all may freely honest aims pursue.
 Wealth, honours, dignities to none confin'd,
 Are shar'd by Noble and Plebeian kind.
 No class precluded from promotion here ;
 Who starts a **PEASANT**, may conclude a **PEER**.*

Whom

* It seems somewhat inconsistent that those scribblers who claim most virulently against hereditary nobility, should reproach, with

Whom **MERIT** raises from a humble state,
Is far more happy than if always great.
And he, whom genius never doom'd to shine,
Is just as happy in his proper line.
Has the gay plough-boy a more rig'rous fate,
Than he who labours in the toils of state ?
If life be wasted in mechanic trades ;
The man of study prematurely fades.
The ruddy rustic, with his homely meal,
Knows not the torments the luxurious feel.
The great, if good, no envy should inspire ;
And vice is branded more, as rais'd the higher,
Where equal **LIBERTY** all stations know ;
But little boots it, born to high or low.—
Birth, chance, or genius, various parts affigu
What then ?—the drapery is but coarse or fine.
Some for the splendid, some the useful made ;
All may have **COMFORT**, though not all **PARADE**.
Whatever star attend his natal hour,
Each may have pleasure ; but not all have **Pow'R**.
Nay, far most difficult is Joy to find,
Where **FATE** and **FORTUNE** may be thought most kind,

There's scarce an ill that poverty endures,
But **PUBLIC CHARITY** prevents, or cures.
He who in labour can no more engage,
Finds an asylum for declining age.
Should sickness, or should accident assail,
Should sight forsake him, or should reason fail ;

Still

with the meanness of their origin, those individuals who have been raised to the Peerage from private stations. Vide the infamous Grub street publication, called the **Jockey Club**, under the articles **L—ds**, **K—n**, **H—b—y**, **A—l—d**, the **Ar—h—b—p** of **C—**. &c. &c.

Still stand protectors ready to receive,
 And, if they cannot cure, at least relieve,
 The child of penury, in orphan state,
 Here scarcely feels the rigour of his fate.
 Nay, blest beneficence, without a price,
 Soothes ev'n the suff'rings of afflicted vice.

If all were zealous for the gen'ral good,
 And that great point by all were understood ;
 All wise and virtuous ; LAWS were fram'd in vain,
 And KINGS and MAGISTRATES an useleſs train.
 But while SELF-INT'REST actuates mankind,
 A pow'rful principle in ev'ry mind ;
 Since VICE, or FOLLY, ev'ry where prevails ;
 The JUDGE must frighten, where the PARSON fails.
 If all were govern'd by the dread of SHAME,
 By love of HONOUR, or of honest FAME ;
 Could all resist impetuous PASSION's call ;
 The JAIL or GIBBET need no more appal.
 As NATURE is ; take these restraints away,
 And GUILT will boldly glare in open day.

Still shew us, GODDESS ! what th' effects would be,
 Did brutal ANARCHY take place of THEE.
 Were the wild dreams of visionaries tried,
 And all distinctions to be laid aside :
 Unmark'd by rank, by riches, pow'r, or place,
 To one mean standard levell'd all the race.
 Grant that the great and mighty of the earth
 Surrender'd, tamely, all the rights of birth ;
 Without a contest, that they should resign
 The well earn'd honours of each ancient line ;
 And shunning bloodshed, each his title wave
 To the fair fortune that his fathers gave :

Soon

Say that the rich should render up his store,
 And claim the fruits of INDUSTRY, no more :
 That all should be of competence possess'd,
 And none more poor or wealthy than the rest :
 Say that the noble maid, the once rich heir,
 Nurs'd in prosperity with tend'rest care ;
 That the most delicate, or feeble frame
 For labour fitted all at once became ;
 The student found the strength and skill to wield
 The spade and mattock on his scanty field :
 That all the tribes whom LUXURY employ'd,
 Whose honest INDUSTRY adorn'd his pride ;
 Content (when LUXURY exists no more)
 To quit the callings they pursu'd before ;
 Forsake the modes of life they long had led,
 And seek from HUSBANDRY their daily bread :
 Grant these, and more ; there still remain behind
 Evils so obvious as might strike the blind.

Where would BRITANNIA's boasted COMMERCE fly ?
 Where her neglected, ruin'd NAVIES lie ?
 No more, the potent mistress of the main,
 Her fleets triumphant guard her native reign !
 Her feeble arms no longer could oppose
 Domestic traitors, or invading foes.
 To taste again a patron's guardian care,
 SCIENCE would emigrate to climes more fair.
 More tranquil regions PAINTING would explore ;
 And SONG and MUSIC fly the hostile shore.
 Did all from LABOUR their subsistence find,
 Slight were they sustenance allow'd the MIND !

Where no man's FORTUNE ever could encræse,
 Soon ev'ry spark of INDUSTRY would cease ;
 Where no DISTINCTION men could e'er acquire,
 The feeblest efforts of the ARTS expire.
 Nor by the mould'ring hand of slow decay
 Would their fair monuments be worn away ;
 But by the FURY's torch, the LEV'LER's pride,
 Their ev'ry vestige be at once destroy'd.
 Whate'er the pow'rs of GENIUS could excite :
 FAME, FORTUNE, SPLENDOUR, would no more invite :
 Where EMULATION could no longer dwell,
 There were nor MEANS, NOR MOTIVE TO EXCEL.

Dark as the night would IGNORANCE preside,
 The gloomy TYRANT'S MINISTER and GUIDE.
 From dens of MURDER, and from RAPINE's cells,
 Where LEWDNESS revels, and where PHRENZY dwells ;
 A BAND OF VILLAINS at her call convene—
 A FIEND-LIKE SENATE to support their QUEEN ;
 Whate'er is good, or lovely to confound ;
 And spread their CRIMES and WRETCHEDNESS around.

Alike would listless INDOLENCE pervade
 The seats of LEARNING, and the haunts of TRADE.
 The crowds, whom smiling INDUSTRY mantain'd,
 When ORDER flourish'd, and when LAWS restrain'd ;
 In WANT, in IDLENESS, in ANGUISH pine,
 And curse the DEMAGOGUES they fancied thine.
 Or, rous'd to MADNESS, join the FURY's train,
 And scatter wide the ILLS themselves sustain.
 The peaceful artisan, the timid hind,
 Become more cruel than the brutal kind ;

They

They, who were mild and innocent before,
Once taste, and thirst for BLOOD for evermore !

Her servants sacrific'd, her altars stain'd,
Her temples pillag'd, and her rites prophan'd ;
Not ev'n RELIGION would remain to cheer
A race so bloody, and a realm so drear.

Not the fierce HORDES, when first they fallied forth
From the vast deserts of the barb'rous NORTH ;
Spread such destruction o'er each lib'ral art,
O'er all that pleases, or improves the heart ;
O'er all that constitutes a polish'd state,—
A people happy, or a nation great ;
As would this direful INNOVATOR make,
Who dares thy honours and thy name to take !
No AGE, nor SEX, escapes her blindfold rage ;
The helpless INFANT, nor the hoary SAGE !
The tender VIRGIN, grac'd with ev'ry charm,
Essays in vain her fury to disarm !
Her naked beauties crowds licentious view ;
Lust (but of blood) enflames the hell-sprung crew !
Her beautious form, design'd for love and joy,
Ferocious caitiffs mangle and destroy !
Her lovely limbs, with eager fangs, they part ;
Drink her chaste blood, and tear her throbbing heart !
The rev'rend SIRE, whom want and sorrow bless ;
Friend to the poor, and soother of distress ;
(In vain his age, his worth, their mercy claims !)
Dragg'd from his home, expires amidst the flames !
Nor to the stake by stranger miscreants led—
But by the wretches whom his bounty fed !

The gen'rous **Lord**, whose ever gracious ear
 Each vassal's wrongs indulgently would hear ;
 Whoe'er might injure, or whoe'er oppress,
 His hand for ever ready to redress.
 The peasant's wants delighted to supply,
 He saw them prosper with paternal joy ;
 Each little variance pleas'd to reconcile,
 Their toils to lighten, and their cares beguile.
 This benefactor, father, friend approv'd,
 Dies through the frenzy of the clowns he lov'd !
 The sweet-ton'd **BARD**, whom violence pursues,
 Invokes in vain protection from the **MUSE** ;
 Of pow'rs of music, and of charms of verse,
 No sensibility have souls so fierce !
 The once fam'd **ORATOR**, in moving strain,
 Exerts the pow'rs of rhetoric in vain ;
 Too weak to save him the melodious tongue,
 That oft had remedied a stranger's wrong !
 Retir'd in years, from many a hard campaign,
 And conquests clouded by no cruel stain ;
 The **CHIEF**, who triumph'd o'er his country's foes,
 Dies like a traitor,—or by ruffian blows !
 He who had boldly ventur'd to explore
 Regions unknown, and seas unplough'd before ;
 Whom **SCIENCE** sent to roam on barb'rous shores,
 To add new treasures to her former stores ;
 Through many a tribe of rudest race had rov'd,
 Fear'd for his valour, for his virtues lov'd ;
 Who hop'd *at home* from toils to find repose,
 There falls by savages more fell than those !
 The learn'd **PHILOSOPHER** who pass'd his days
 In tracing **NATURE**'s most mysterious ways ;

Engag'd

Engag'd for ever in pursuits abstruse,
 His manners guiltless, and his life recluse ;
 CREATION's system all within his ken ;
 Skill'd in the STARS, but ignorant of MEN ;
 Torn from the solitude he lov'd so well,
 The silent hermitage, or college cell ;
 Views with astonishment the noisy swarm,
 Yet hardly guesses that they mean him harm ;
 And, ere he dreams that crimes so black exist,
 He feels their poignards pierce his blameless breast !
 The aged PRIEST, whose piety and pray'r
 Watch'd o'er his flock with unremitting care ;
 Who fed the hungry ; smooth'd the bed of death ;
 And led the wand'rer back to virtue's path ;
 HE ! so belov'd, so reverenc'd of late !
 Now falls a martyr to relentless hate !
 Yet still with charity's pure transports glows,
 And dies imploring mercy on his foes !
 The righteous JUDGE, who, in the reign of laws
 Decided candidly each client's cause ;
 (JUSTICE to all at his tribunal free,
 While mercy temper'd the severe decree)
 From vengeful felons JUSTICE cannot save,
 And asks in vain the MERCY that he gave !
 HE who with patriotic ardor fir'd,
 To *constitutional reform* aspir'd ;
 Who wish'd his country to be *truly free*,
 And fondly fancied that he follow'd THEE :
 When the ENCHANTRESS stands expos'd to sight,
 Starts from her grasp with horror and affright !

He, whose rash zeal had arm'd their murd'rous hands,
 In vain calls back his mad tumultuous bands !
 O'er their base souls too strong the TYRANT's sway,
 E'er to release them from her blood-stain'd way !
 They term their leader an apostate slave :
 And stab his heart—with weapons that he gave !
 He, whose misfortune, and whose crime, alone,
 Was by inheritance to fill the THRONE ;
 Hurl'd from the seat his REGAL FATHERS held,
 And charg'd with treachery his wrongs impell'd ;
 While men contend for equalising all,
 Beneath the level seems alone to fall !
 While 'tis pretended ev'ry one is free ;
 No WILL, no CHOICE, no NATIVE RIGHTS has HE !
 The TYRANT Pow'rs his ANCESTORS posses'd,
 Were ne'er congenial to his gentle breast.
 Without a sigh, the placid PRINCE resign'd
 Each stern PREROGATIVE that gall'd mankind.
 Though milder MONARCH never yet was crown'd,
 A FATE more horrid never DESPOT found !
 Not ev'n can DEATH, not ROYAL BLOOD, abate
 The MONSTER's fix'd hereditary hate ;
 The ORPHAN RACE still meet that stubborn rage,
 Their FATHER's suff'ring could not all assuage !
 The WIDOW'D WIFE, who's seen to drop a tear ;
 The MOTHER sighing o'er her CHILDREN's bier ;
 The FIEND, infatiate with their kindred gore,
 Adds to the victims she had seiz'd before !
 And whosoe'er laments a bloody deed,
 Must in the moment be condemn'd to bleed !
 Amongst her train no pity dares to dwell,
 But all the rancour, all the wrath of HELL.

To

To have been great ; to be or wise, or good ;
 Are crimes her myrmidons appease with blood !
 In mingled streams the crimson torrent runs,
 From **BROTHERS, SISTERS, MOTHERS, Sires** and
 Sons !

Far from thy realms **HER VOTARIES** remove,
 And curse them with that **LAWLESS LIFE** they love !
 Leave them to wander through the desert way—
 Fit fellow-citizens for beasts of prey !
 While **PATRIOT BRITONS** shall for ever view
 The same **MILD GODDESS**, whom they always knew.
 Thy charms shall brighten ev'ry hour that flies ?
 And **ARTS** and **SCIENCE** still more radiant rise !

May **BRITAIN'S NOBLES**, from the treasures given,
 Diffuse, with lib'ral hands, the gifts of heaven !
 Be it their gen'rous pride, their dear delight,
 To lead young **GENIUS** into public sight !
 To cherish **MERIT**, on which **FORUNE** frown'd ;
 And move its modest sweets to fairer ground !
 This be their **PRAISE**, above the **PRIDE** of **BIRTH** !
 And true **NOBILITY** superior **WORTH** !
 Rank will be honour'd, when the great excel ;
 And none will envy wealth they use so well.

May **THEY**, whom **FATE**, and **FORTUNE** have decreed
 The happy humble paths of life to tread ;
 Be taught the value of that tranquil state,
 Free from the cares and trammels of the great !
 How sweet the pittance **INDUSTRY** acquires,
 To vast possessions sent to sons from fires !

And let it, oh fair LIBERTY ! be known
 That THOU hast vouch'd that pittance all their own !
 Or, if the STATE demand a trivial share,
 'Tis but to purchase its protecting care.
 While all enjoy the sweets thy LAWS dispense,,
 Each must contribute to the STATE's defence ;
 Yet but as FORTUNE more or less bestows,
 Each to the PUBLIC his proportion owes.
Here no EXEMPTION rank and birth convey ;
 But the most opulent most amply pay.
 In each profession, and in ev'ry trade,
 The greatest profit lends the largest aid.
 Shall he who grumbles at a heavy tax,
 Permit his own prosperity to vex ?
 Or he who grudges a far lighter rate,
 Thank heav'n he is not richer, or more great ?
 Let those who envy riches, rank, or pow'r,
 Know taxes *there* are levied ev'ry hour !
 Taxes they gladly would commute for gold,
 Whose time to forms, whose peace for pomp is sold.
 HE who by FORTUNE with DISTINCTION's crown'd,
 But soars a mark for CALUMNY to wound.
 Be TRUTH his guide, and EQUITY his aim,
 The voice of PARTY yet shall blast his fame ;
 His purest actions place in darkest view ;
 And pay with censure, where applause is due.
 Oh ! let them know that whoe'er was born
 To wear a crown, was doom'd to feel a thorn !
 And they, whom birth or genius may ordain
 To share its splendor, likewise share its pain.

Let

Let them not murmur, but, with me, rejoice
 That fate exempts us from th' invidious choice !
 May they to THEE devoutly ever kneel !
 But LUST OF RULING let them never feel !

'Tis not with KINGS and MINISTERS alone—
 Care waits on ALL who sparkle round the throne.
 In the most modest, inoffensive hand
 Place but a toy—a sword of state, a wand ;
 Adorn the meekest bosom with a star ;
 And ENVY summons all her troops to war.
 Her poison'd arrows even strike the FAIR,
 Who seems PROSPERITY's peculiar care ;
 Her slightest FOIBLES tinge with deepest hue,
 And swell to VICES that her thoughts ne'er knew.
 Nay, were her soul more spotless than the sun,
 The shafts of SLANDER she could scarcely shun.

Blest in obscurity the COTTAGE MAID,
 On whose fair fame DETRACTION casts no shade !
 Free from the load the sons of pomp sustain,
 With THEE, unfetter'd, roves the RURAL SWAIN !

One bliss alone do wealth and pow'r bestow—
A bliss their owners do not always know !
 By all so favour'd, be it understood—
 'Tis the superior POW'R OF DOING GOOD !
 Be *this* the balm for ministerial pains !
This the sweet solace of who rules, or reigns !
This the reward for all they undergo,
 Who drudge in politics, or slave in show !

Mildly, but firmly may thy STATESMEN steer ;
 And may thy PEOPLE still thy LAWS revere !

May beauteous ORDER still unite with THEE !
And Subjects be subordinate, tho' free !

Let him who's buried in the INDIAN mine,
Or, let the injur'd AFRICAN repine !
Let ev'ry subject of a DESPOT's reign
Of boundless pow'r, or slighted laws complain !
Yet, ev'n to these, wild ANARCHY would be
A blind and dang'rous substitute for THEE !

But shall the BRITON, *who enjoys so much*,
Despair and murmur at the slightest touch ?
If there's a real, or a fancied ILL,
That can be conjur'd up by blackest skill ;
Must ev'ry glorious PRIVILEGE be spurn'd,
And VIRTUE, LAWS, and ORDER overturn'd ?

If the FAIR SYSTEM our sage fathers rear'd,
Time, or corruption, should have aught impair'd ;
Or, in this wisest, noblest human work,
Some imperfection should be found to lurk ;
Let us with harmony, and cautious hand,
Complete this dear PALLADIUM OF THE LAND ?
Let LEGISLATORS touch, with tend'rest art,
The *tainted limbs*,— but guard each *vital part* !

Let BRITONS still this just conclusion draw :
That where there's LIBERTY, there must be LAW !
And ne'er did Law with such benignance shine,
As, oh ! my GODDESS in THESE REALMS OF THINE !

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page 68th line 5th from bottom, for *Poliictian*, read
Politician.

P. 75. l. 5th from top, for *Africs*, read *Afric's*.

P. 91st line 11th from top, for point of Interrogation
substitute Semicolon.

There are a few other trivial inaccuracies in punctua-
tion, and in the references to the Notes; which the
Reader's own judgment will easily correct.



